THE SPHERE

Vol. CXXXII, No. 1722

WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED THE GRAPHIC

JAN. 21, 1933

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ft. in.		ft. in.	Reduced from	To
7 6	×	6 9	£6 9 6	£4 12 0
9 0	×	6 9	7 15 3	5 10 3
9 0	×	9 0	10 7 0	7 7 0
10 6	×	6 9	9 1 3	6 8 9
10 6	×	9 0	12 1 6	8 11 6
12 0	×	9 0	13 16 0	9 16 0
12 0	×	11 3	17 5 0	12 5 0
13 6	×	11 3	19 8 3	13 15 9
15 0	×	11 3	21 11 3	15 6 3

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Lot No. 71.	,, ,,	5 5 0	to	3 14 6
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ft. in.		ft. in.	Reduced from	To
9 0	×	6 4	£6 2 0	£4 12 0
9 1	×	8 10	8 12 0	6 12 0
9 10	×	8 3	8 13 6	6 11 0
9 11	×	9 2	9 14 6	7 9 6
10 1	×	7 1	7 13 6	5 16 0
10 6	×	9 3	10 8 0	7 18 0
10 7	×	7 4	8 7 0	6 5 6
11 2	×	8 5	10 2 0	7 12 0
12 2	×	8 11	11 12 6	8 15 0
12 3	×	10 8	14 1 0	10 11 0
13 3	×	10 0	14 4 0	10 17 6
13 4	×	12 2	17 7 0	13 8 0
13 11	×	11 4	16 18 0	12 19 0
13 11	×	12 2	18 3 0	13 13 6
14 0	×	10 11	16 8 0	12 11 0
14 0	×	11 5	17 3 0	13 2 6
15 1	×	9 1	14 13 6	11 5 0
15 1	×	12 2	19 13 0	15 1 0

CVS-232

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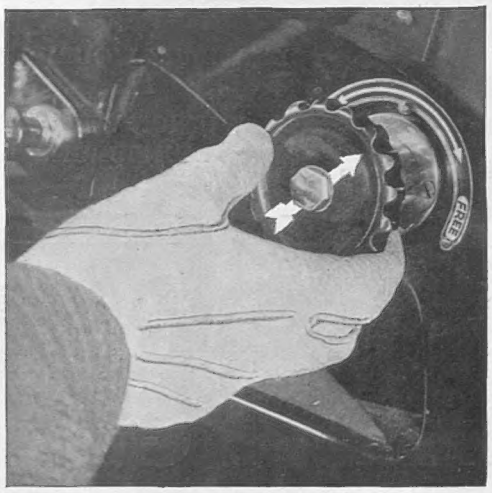
AND THE SIMPLEST GEAR CHANGE OF ALL



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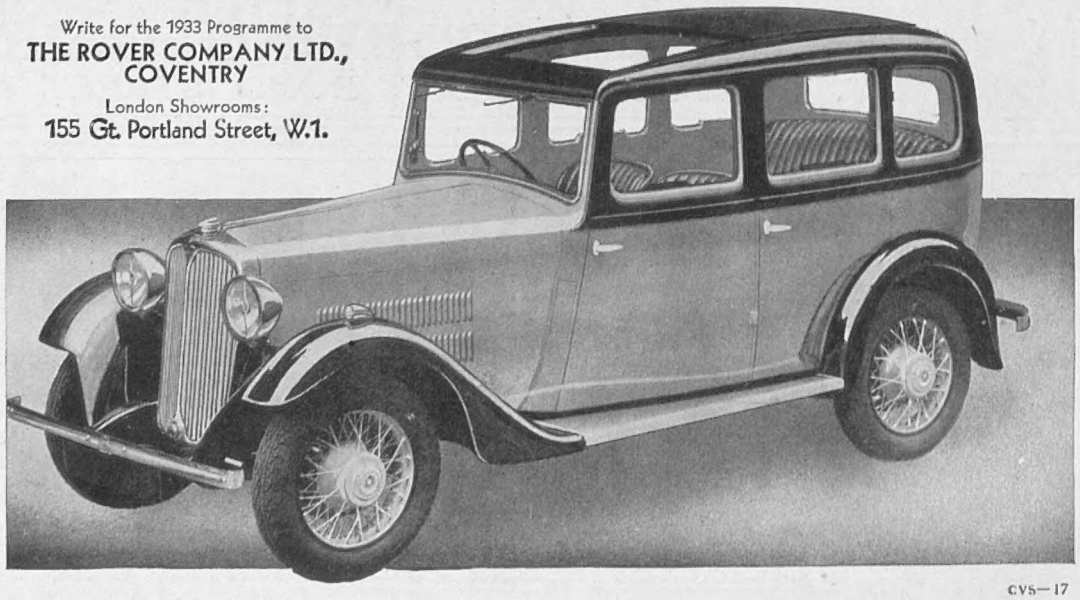


CVS—17

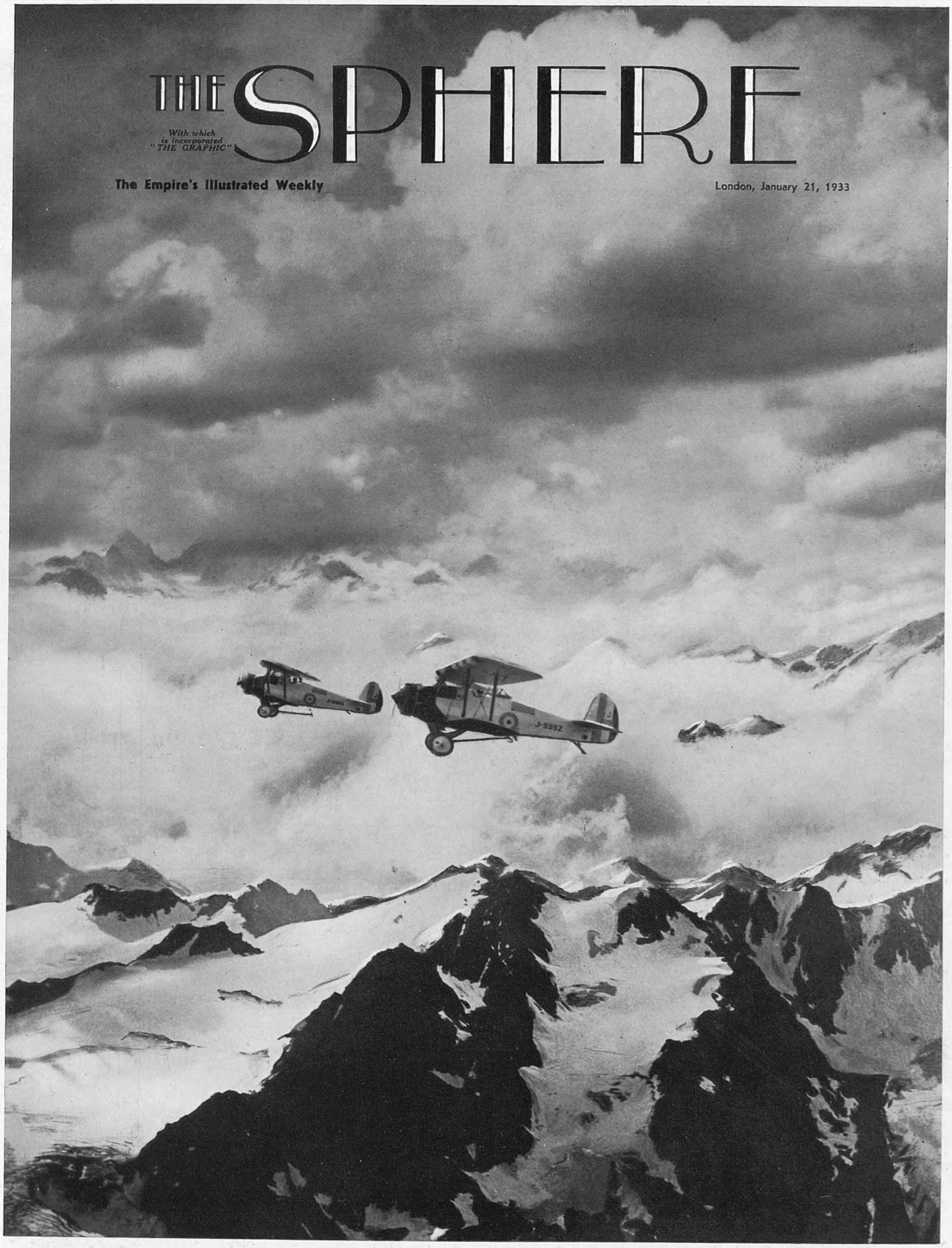
Volume CXXXII No. 1722

THE SPHERE

With which is incorporated "THE GRAPHIC"

The Empire's Illustrated Weekly

London, January 21, 1933



COMBING THE ALPS FOR HINKLER

Captain Hope's Perilous Search for the Missing Australian Flyer

A Camera Study by Captain Alfred G. Buckham

In a desperate effort to discover the whereabouts of Mr. Bert Hinkler, who was reported missing on January 7, on the first stage of his projected England-Australia flight, Captain Hope undertook a perilous search for the missing airman over the Alps and the Jura range. During the course of his flight Captain Hope had a narrow escape of being forced down, owing to ice in the carburettor, but fortunately returned safely to his headquarters at Basle. Captain Hope crossed the Montana Vermala at an altitude of over 7,000 feet, flying approximately 2,000 feet over the mountain peaks. He found no trace of the missing airman, although an unofficial broadcast had previously stated that a 'plane had been seen flying at a great height over the ranges in the direction of the Simplon. As no French or Swiss machine had been in the vicinity during the day, it was assumed that the machine was that of the famous Antipodean aerial pioneer. Mr. Hinkler, who jumped into fame with his England-Australia fifteen day solo flight in 1927, made a magnificent flight across the South Atlantic from South America to West Africa last year. Captain Hope announces, as we go to press, that he will, despite the dangers and his narrow escape, continue with his search over the Simplon

Postage—Inland, 1½d.; Canada and Newfoundland, 1½d.; Foreign, 2d.

A LONDON NEWSLETTER

RAISING THE NAVAL FLYING BOAT which sank off Plymouth Sound last week after striking a naval launch. Leading-Aircraftsman Alfred Dore Slatter lost his life

346, STRAND, W.C.,
Wednesday, January 18, 1933.

IN TOT-AL DARKNESS.—

The Tote Report, when it came, confounded the prophets. For not only was it generally anticipated that the "illogicality" of authorizing "horse-totes" and condemning "dog-totes" would be recognized but, further, that tote-clubs, suitably controlled, would receive a blessing. But the tote club is doomed, if the recommendations are implemented, and the future of the dog track is more uncertain than ever. There has been a good deal of outcry at a time when red-hot topics of interest are hard to find. There have been a few whoo-hoops, more than half drowned by the deeper note of groaning. The report has been criticized as retrograde, as biased and as illogical. As for the first charge, it is true that the committee should have sat two or three years earlier before custom had almost concreted into law. As for the second, the rich have not been favoured at the expense of the poor. Horse racing in England is a sport of the people, and incidentally those of the wealthy who bet habitually are the chief bulwark, not of the tote but of the bookie. As for illogicality, logic has no place in any recommendations which concern betting and gambling in England to-day.

THE WORLD PROBLEM.—

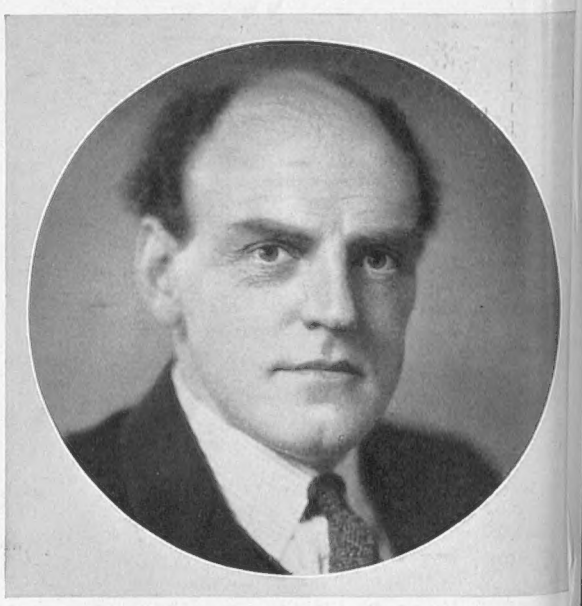
Stimulated by precept and example from leaders in official and social life, local committees of men and women are everywhere getting to work to organize social services for the unemployed. These committees have certain approved lines along which to proceed—the provision of garments, etc.—but they are left entirely in the dark and without guidance on the larger issues. It is a terrible thought. The whole problem of unemployment is still to be treated locally as a temporary evil to be tided over, and not as a world problem so appalling as to demand the undivided attention of civilization in continuous session. The little questions which crop up in a thousand local committees raise, unknown to most of the social workers, tremendous issues which Governments dare not face. Shall the garments be "finished" or merely "cut out," and so handed to the wives of unemployed persons to be sewn and finished? The sentimental member pleads for finishing; the wives would prefer it so. The longer-sighted member, with a vague idea that work makes for peace of mind and self-respect, urges that "it should not be made too easy, etc." It is, in microcosm, the world's hideous problem, in which the survival of civilization is bound up. We dare not face it. We dare no more than to pick at it and patch it up for a month or two. The whisper grows that of America's 11,000,000 and our 3,000,000 of unemployed, from a third to a half can never under any circumstances find permanent employment, and the more we rationalize our industrial machinery the more honest labour we throw to the dogs of idleness. Can we place any reliance to day on the theory that history repeats itself? We have nothing to guide us to a decision. We know that the revolution in machinery and organization, "the industrial revolution" of the eighteenth century, achieved the extraordinary feat of doubling the population of England in the reign of George III alone, without lowering the general standard of living. But we do not know even now whether and what contributory causes assisted. The crux of the present problem is this: have we any grounds to justify the view that increasing rationalization of industry must ultimately end in a Utopia of general employment for short hours at high wages? If we have such grounds for hope, then opens the vast question of how the working classes, having solved the problem of preserving the body, shall solve the not less awful problem of preserving the mind by a wise and healthy use of 50 per cent. more leisure. As we contemplate the little questions which confront the village committee, we see, as from a great mountain, range after range of untried peaks spread out before us. Some we shall never be called on to climb, but the peak of unemployment will be ours to attack and surmount—ours and our children after us. "Finished" or "cut-out"? It is a tremendous issue that is being debated in every village in England to-day.

CAN HE DO IT?—

It is early days to start Budget forecasts, but the aids for prophecy are now to hand. The revenue figures for the first three-quarters of the financial year are not without signs of encouragement. The Customs revenue is good showing. It is actually £26,000,000 higher than at the same period of 1931. On the other hand, only £90,000,000 of the estimated £260,000,000 have yet been received from Income-tax, and only £15,000,000 out of £66,000,000 from Super-tax. Can the taxpayer respond in 1933 as he responded in 1932? Last spring we actually paid in £210,000,000. This year we are asked to pay £190,000,000. But it is certain that the chances of our meeting the lower demand are infinitely less good. Estate duty, another big item in national revenue, is pretty well up to estimate, but stamp duty considerably below it. On the other side, supply services are likely to be kept within estimated limits and the Conversion scheme savings will exceed £20,000,000. It all depends on the taxpayer, as usual. Will the Chancellor be able to quote Shakespeare on March 31? "Who'd have thought the old man to have had so much blood in him?"

WHO'S FORGOTTEN?

—If democracy *should* prove a failure, it will not be the fault of its earlier governments in this country. No one can charge those governments with lack of proper respect for the will of the people or with failure to consult or keep them informed. None who listened to the Home Secretary's exhaustive explanation of the reasons which led him to uphold the law of the land in the case of Tom Mann could charge him with lack of respect for democracy. On the contrary, he relegated to the forgotten past of Tutankhamen such faintly remembered juggernautics as the "Palmerston Touch" and the "Wait-and-See" of Mr. Asquith. Ours is government of the people, by the people, for the people. Take the new Post Office Advisory Committee. It is designed as a connecting link between the P.O. and the public. If you examine that committee, you will find it represents the following national interests: Commerce generally, transport workers, railway workers, landowners, farmers, forestry, British industry generally, builders, chartered accountants, retail distributors, co-operative societies, banks and clearing houses, newspapers and advertising. A fairly representative committee, you would say, confidently running over the list of higher professions as supplied to the nursery: "Tinker, tailor, soldier, sailor, apothecary, plough boy, thief." The worst of these nursery rhymes is that they are so infernally efficient. Instantly this list reveals a joint in the armour. The fighting services and the medical profession are positively forgotten. This is not perfect democracy. Still, in an imperfect world, it is a notable gesture in the right direction, and the P.O. Advisory Committee is as difficult a subject for a perfect experiment in democracy as you could find. There is not a calling or sub-division of a calling from A to Z which is not vitally interested in the postman's knock.



"DEEGEE": Sir John Reith, Director-General of the B.B.C. A special feature dealing with Broadcasting House appears on pages 79–82 of this issue. This section deals with the executive side of Broadcasting House—the mechanics of broadcasting are shown in a very full photographic survey. The question of the policy governing the programmes broadcast has led to considerable discussion during recent weeks, and a committee of members of Parliament has been formed to watch various facets of broadcasting. The task of providing a varied and at the same time unimpeachable programme is no easy matter and evidently calls for the constant care of the most statesmanlike direction

OPEN SECRETS.—The Official Secrets Act of 1911 (reinforced with concrete in 1920) has not withstood the tide of fashion. That tide of post-War fashion for war revelation and self-justification has consistently disregarded the Act and the long arm of the law has at length vindicated its strength by seizing one victim out of many offenders. And in such cases (now rather common) public feeling, while condemning the practice, rather sympathizes with the victim who chanced to be nabbed. Mr. Compton Mackenzie is by no means the "worst offender." Statesmen responsible for the making of the law have driven their juggernaut coach and four through it, and galloped away unscathed. But sometimes it must happen that a victim must be found, and it may be that his loss is the country's gain. Self-justification by war leaders has been one of our minor post-War nuisances. Those public men who take their own careers most seriously have regarded the breaking of this necessary Act of Parliament as an expedient thoroughly justified by the end in view. The reading public, while less impressed by the end in view, has been stimulated by the means employed and is seldom in a position to judge what documents are and what are not confidential. Indeed it comes as a shock to a spoiled and flattered democracy to learn that there remains anything which it is not entitled to know as of right. The Law of Copyright is a dead letter. We have grown by use to regard as a right that the Premier shall supply us with his "reasons in writing" for any important decision, and that Ministers who may recommend the relaxation of legal penalties shall justify themselves before us if they let the law take its course. If public men will henceforward accord rather less importance both to their own reputations and to democracy, there will be less blabbing and less explaining, and that will make the task of governing the country easier and more dignified.

A REVIVAL IN RELIGION.—The pendulum swings back when its own force is spent, and as with the pendulum, so with the fashions of thought and action in social life. It is beginning to be realized that we have since the War carried disillusion, scepticism, and cynicism as far as they will go, and found them wanting. For everything changes and changes with startling rapidity, but human nature does not change; and as of old, so to-day, men pine for some rock to cling to in a raging sea, some solid ground to give to their feet a sense of permanence. Without that sense of permanence, we have no basis on which to build materially or spiritually. There is not the least doubt that men, who had done with belief, are examining religion again to see whether after all it may not offer that present anchorage and sure harbour for the future without which they drift aimlessly and know not the course to steer.

AN INTERLUDE.—There is something to be said for a *mi-carême* in January. It is the psychological moment for running away, westward, towards the sunshine and the light and the first hint of spring, especially if your home town be ravaged by influenza. And it is not always necessary to take ship. There are hidden corners in this island where, if his luck is in, a man may find April and April warmth and colour. In "little England beyond Wales" (not to particularize more) there are such places of enchantment where a man may stand in a cleft of low turf-clad downs, golden with flowering gorse, the sky above his head as deep blue as the sunlit sea that stretches away at his feet. There he may lie down in the bronze bracken and feel the warmth of the sun on his face and neck, feel it permeating his whole body through his clothes. And lying there, watching the gulls circling over his head and listening to the thrushes chuckling in the copses, he may forget for a moment the heavy duties that January involves and the long months of winter which still lie ahead.

SAINT GEORGE AND SAINT DRAGON.—In a little guide book which I wrote a few years ago I developed the main argument that the source of all patriotism is the village pump. It is a view from which I have never deviated, and the other day it was embraced by the Bishop of Plymouth at Torquay. He agreed that it is the duty of the history teacher everywhere to keep green the memories of worthies who served the *local* life of the community. Patriotism, as an ideal in the human mind, is not powerful enough to embrace a whole country, let alone an Empire. It is essentially local in its origin and in its strength. Young men have cheerfully died for love of an acre, never for love of a race or country. And there is much to be said for the Bishop's plea for "local Saints' Days," honouring worthies who would have a real chance of sympathetic appreciation by their own townsmen, bred up in a common tradition. Thus Plymouth would shut its shops for a new St. Francis (Drake); Birmingham would honour St. Joseph (Chamberlain), and Rochdale would explain its St. John (Bright). The zeal of local government would make short work of implementing the idea, and if in some cases foreign nations who suffered from our heroes' activities, or members of other religious sects, should scratch their heads over our eccentricities, it is an exercise we have often afforded them before. Spain, undoubtedly on hearing of the canonization of Drake, would recall de Vega's sixteenth century epic, "Dragontea." Drake in his day was to Spain not a robber and corsair but (as Froude says) Satan himself. And I fancy that even in Warwickshire there is a section of political opinion which might be inclined to apply the same oxymoron to St. Joseph of Birmingham.

TEST REFLECTIONS.—The third Test provided (on paper) another glorious game of ups and downs, which could fairly be described (if one read the score sheet alone) as cricket at its best. Unfortunately, the score sheet is the last document we read. In cricket journalism we cannot see the wood for the trees, and by the time we have waded through the controversial criticism of Rajahs and ex-captains, fallen stars and setting suns, theorists and sensation-mongers, we lose interest in the game as a game and begin to wonder if international sport is not after all a danger to amity and good fellowship in the Empire and among nations. We didn't much like a few years ago being hit over the heart by Macdonald. So we tempted him to stay in England. Perhaps Australia is preparing a tempting offer for Larwood. I don't take very seriously those reports of angry words, for in the best sort of amateur cricket angry words are not unknown in the heat of battle and moments of pain. But really there is no solution for the fast bowler problem except bribery. It is reduction of the game to absurdity to propose that your fast bowler should change his tactics and send down dollies, and the proposal comes oddly from the captain of the cricket team of a cricket-mad nation, cradle of "express-merchants." We might play the game with tennis balls. I advocate it myself, for I am just at the age for staging a dramatic come-back to cricket, and that decision would do it.

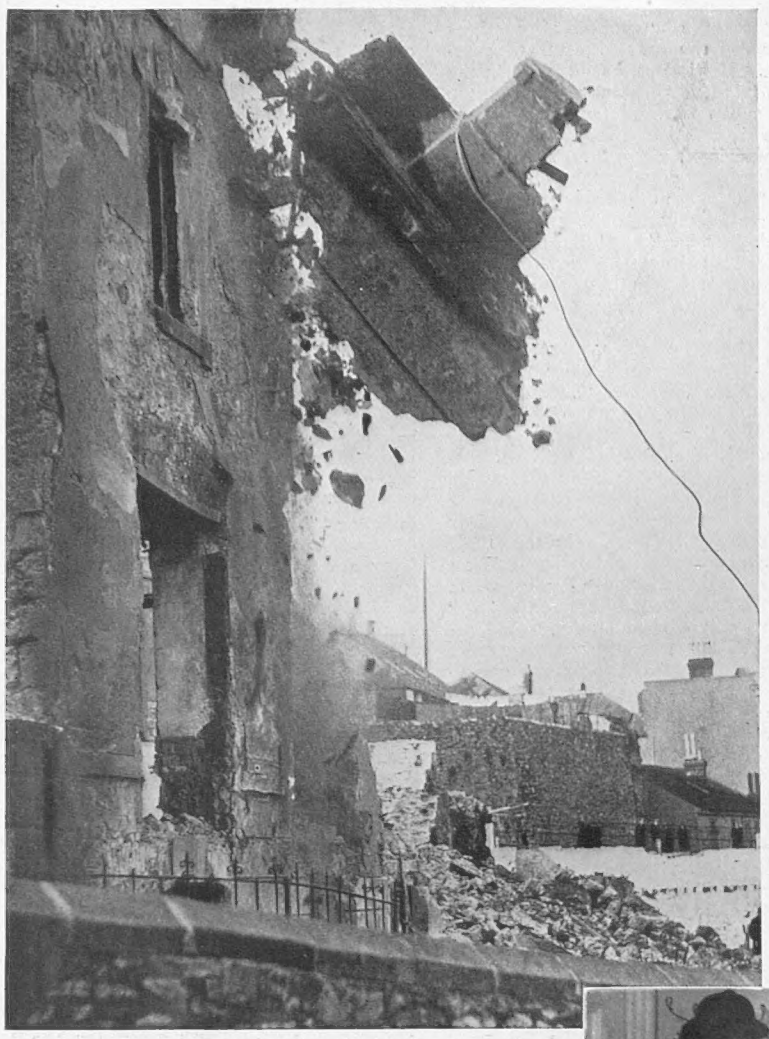
FOOD FOR REFLECTION.—Parliament has still nearly three weeks more of recess, but the Ministers are—most of them—in their places, and there is plenty of hard thinking to be done. Sir John Simon went to Geneva on Sunday to attend the Manchurian Committee, whose session this week must once more afford an acid test for the League of Nations. For the Lytton Report was upheld after the most careful consideration of Japanese objections, upheld indeed even by those Big Powers who would have played for time, if they could. It is now nearly a year since China evoked the League's intervention, and in that year Japan, proceeding calmly with her Manchurian policy, has altered the whole political status of that debatable land. The adjective "debatable" is perhaps an unhappy choice. For one fears that, at this juncture, when the League's ultimate sanctions are no more substantial than moonshine, Manchuria may prove the League to be *vox et praeterea nihil*. There seems rather more hope for the major international problem next in importance—the War Debts question. It is all a matter of how many weeks are needed for the liberal education of 100 per cent. Americans. As for the small beer of domestic politics, the compromise of the Wages Board has involved the railway problem in a still blacker fog in which the Salter Report is utterly lost sight of; while the Tote tangle alone is enough to turn white in a month the hair of a conscientious or logically minded Minister. Plenty of food for reflection, and indigestible at that. And if the Chancellor "asks for more," there is the Budget looming ahead.

THE OLD STAGER.

CHILDREN'S PARTY AT COVENT GARDEN: Angela Kerr and Margaret Stroud, two youthful guests at the children's party at the Royal Opera House, Covent Garden, organized by the Certain Charities Club—one of the last of the Christmas Holidays festivities

THE QUEEN gave three prizes for the Peter Pan Party organized by the Marchioness of Cambridge in aid of Dr. Barnardo's Homes which was held at Claridge's last week. Our illustration shows (*right*) the winner of the Queen's prize and (*left*) the winner of the Marchioness of Cambridge's prize

FACETS of HOME NEWS



DEMOLITION: The oldest part of Plymouth is coming, literally, under the hammer to make way for a new road. This vivid impression of the work was taken at Sutton Harbour, the jumping-off place of the Pilgrim Fathers

WORK FOR THE UNEMPLOYED AT ALDERSHOT: Extra seating is being provided in the Rushmoor Arena for the famous and deservedly popular Tattoo. Advance booking—with the event five months ahead—has already exceeded 10,000. When completed, the new seating will accommodate 12,000

THE TOTE QUESTION: The National Greyhound Racing Society held an emergency meeting in its offices in Jermyn Street to discuss this burning problem of the canine sporting world. Mr. A. J. Elvin, Admiral Sir Sydney Fremantle, Mr. W. H. McGrath, Mr. H. Garland Wells, Chairman, and Lord Askwith are seen above seated from left to right

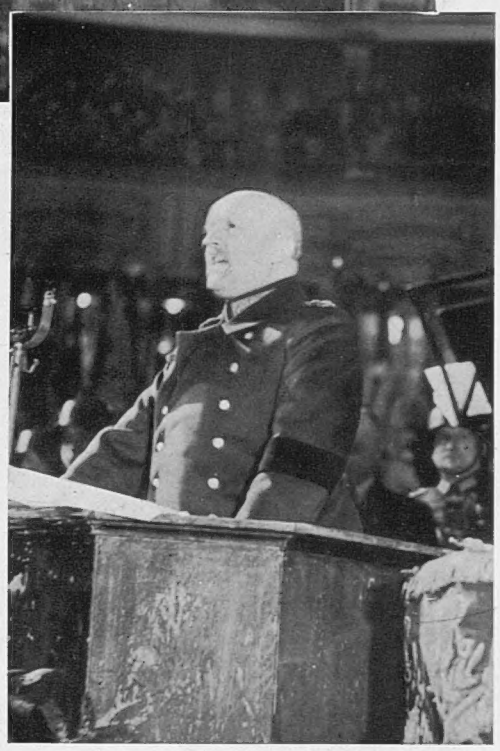
FAMOUS IN THE HUNTING FIELD: Mrs. J. B. Aiken (seen with Major G. Horne) who, at the age of 75, yet is a regular follower of the Old Berks

THE FIRST DEER-HUNT FOR TWO DECADES IN ASHDOWN FOREST was held recently owing to the destruction wrought by the increasing herd. Seven deer were shot, seventy guns were out. Lord de la Warr owns the deer

A WORLD SURVEY

CLEANING THE COLISEUM: While a new Rome is in construction Mussolini has not forgotten to preserve the old. This illustration shows workmen preparing to let themselves down the walls of the Coliseum in order to remove the growing moss which, if allowed to remain, would endanger the life of the fabric

FRANCE AND HER WAR DEBTS: The question of France's War Debts to the United States is causing endless work for the French Diplomatic Service in Washington. Our illustration shows Ambassador Paul Clondel, of France, in conversation with Secretary of State Henry L. Stimson, in his office at the State Department



GERMANY'S IRON CHANCELLOR, General von Schleicher, speaking at the Sports Palace, Berlin, on the occasion of the anniversary of the institution of the Reich

A GATHERING OF THE JUNKERS: The sixty-second anniversary of the founding of the German Empire was celebrated last week in Berlin in the presence of Field-Marshal President von Hindenburg and the Chancellor, General von Schleicher. Our illustration shows (left to right) President Hindenburg, Field-Marshal von Mackensen, Foreign Minister von Neurath, and Herr von Papen, the ex-Chancellor. On the extreme right is the ex-Crown Prince—a possible omen

A FAMOUS LAKE IN KENYA COLONY: Lake Hannington, Kenya Colony (lake of the flamingoes), closely dotted with the wading birds

They have found gold in Kenya Colony—and so the poor old British Empire is again in trouble.

This sounds paradoxical. They are taking alluvial gold out of the bed and banks of the springs and streams in that north-east upland territory of Kakamega; and Sir Albert Kitson, the Government geologist, probing for the larger treasure of subterranean reefs, declares that the 700-mile area where digging and prospecting is going on has prospects of quickly becoming a useful goldfield, and later developing into an important field. One would have thought that the whoops of joy from the equatorial African offspring would have had echoes throughout the Imperial mother isle in the North Atlantic.

For Kenya is not prosperous. Wholly an agricultural colony, the fall in world prices (hitting agriculture twice as hard as industry) has knocked its finances sideways. The sisal growers are as broke as the coffee, tea, and sugar-planters, and the wheat and maize farmers.

THE AUTHOR OF TROUBLE: Lord Passfield whose policy based on his anti-imperialism and insular textbook outlook has precipitated an acute crisis in Kenya

Further, there is a basic land problem. The travel agents use opulent language. Mr. Churchill has written picturesquely: "In beauty, in fertility, in verdure, in the coolness of the air, in the abundance of running water, in its rich red soil, in the varieties of its vegetation, the scenery around Kenya challenges comparison with the fairest countries of Europe." But out of Kenya's 200,000 square miles only 40,000 are good for farming and another 30,000 fit for animal husbandry. There are pockets of good earth in the balance which the native can cultivate with a hoe, but mainly it is rock, scrub, water, mountain, and impenetrable forest.

With 3,000,000 African natives, 30,000 Indians (chiefly engaged in commerce and "white-collar" pursuits), and 17,000 white men, women, and children, the land suit fits so tightly that it is Kenya's fundamental political problem; and how eventually it can be made to go round, in view of the *pax Britannica* and western scientific methods diminishing the mortality rate, is a question no realist to date has cared to answer.

In these circumstances the prospect of developing a highly profitable gold-mining industry, which will bring work, wages, and wealth to native and white alike, appears on the face of it to call for a pæan of praise and thanksgiving.

But there is a snag. It is one of those snags which could only occur among a queer people like the Imperial British, who spend a large portion of their time apologizing for having an empire at all. The gold lies in a native reserve. That is bad enough. But, worse, the natives understood that in 1930 Britain pledged her Imperial word that the lands of their reserves were assured for their use and benefit for ever.

"For ever" is a long time. The superior white who requested his title of land from the Crown on anything like such terms would be laughed at for his pains. He only gets his land title subject to every conceivable limitation of user, from compulsory development to compulsory expropriation (15 per cent. compensation only under the town-planning ordinance). But before we probe further into the singular riddle of how this pledge came to be given, and how it has brought up so sharply the whole question of Britain's Imperial purpose, it is instructive to glance at the goldfield itself.

Amazing that it was not discovered before, particularly as there was once a European coffee-settlement in the vicinity. But the main tangle of ravines is not on the beaten track. Besides, intensive prospecting for gold has only become worth while since the great slump hit the world and gold soared to 120s. an ounce. If there was gold in Kenya, it was due for discovery in this phase of search.

A VILLAGE IN THE FOREST-RESERVE HIGHLANDS: This is inhabited by some of the Watu wa Mit... Much of the area of Kenya is uncultivable and, in consequence, the development of the gold recent... found is a vital matter

Adventurers, farmer failures, remittance men, ships' mates, veterans of the gold rushes of thirty years, aristocrats' younger sons, government officials spending their leave on a gold instead of a hom... pleasure hunt—you will find them all around th... sluices. Also not a few wives, for the most pa... breeched or trousered.

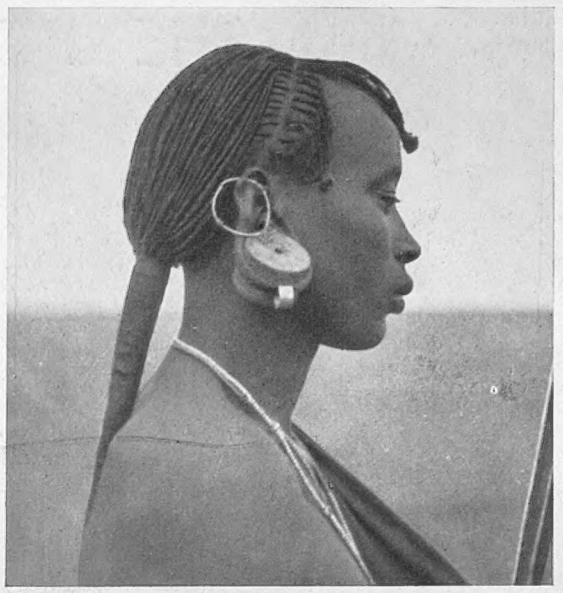
The first stories are trickling back now. For th... most part they emphasize the amateurishnes... of the gold rush. A retired colonel was busy pan... ning for gold in a good-looking stream when a... tattered white man strolled out of the adjoinin... jungle. "I say, I think I've found a gold ree... Can you tell me what one does next? I've stuc... in pegs," he added warningly. But he had onl... found an ironstone lode.

The wife of a hard-up sisal planter joined force... with her sister, wife of a rich young sportsman wh... had just arrived to shoot big game. The brother... in-law let them go on in one of his two lorri...

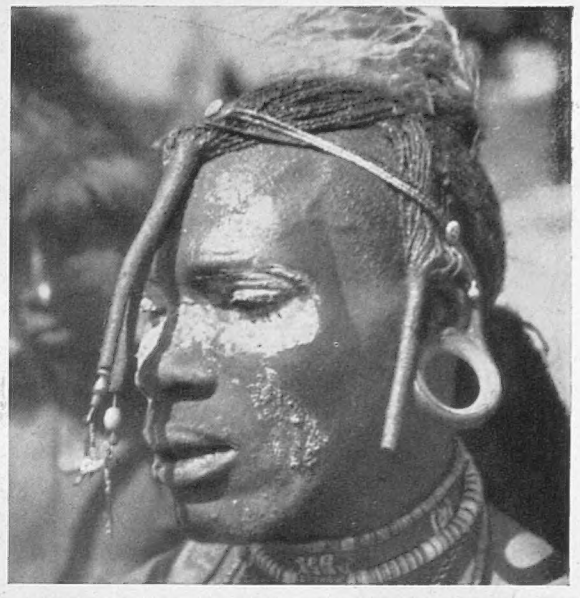
GOLD and the NATIVE

A Thorny Problem in East Africa Inherited from the Passfield Regime

By C. PATRICK THOMPSON



HIPPOLYTA OF THE MASAI: A woman warrior of a famous fighting tribe. In the old days she might not marry until she had stained her spear in masculine blood



A WARRIOR OF THE MERU: The far from prepossessing type of native "man of war." His coiffure is characteristic of his tribe; his face is hatched with ochre

when he dropped off in the hunting country. "But I'll want the truck back in a fortnight, mind." The girls were back on time. "Look what we've got." They had won £800's worth of gold in a week's panning and quartz collecting. "We found a lovely stream. It almost all came from there."

A schoolmaster arrived with a few pounds, a knowledge of the native dialect, and a way with boys. While other prospectors were hiring able-bodied savages to build sluice-boxes and dig, he collected a small army of kids and led them out to a likely-looking patch where he had found quartz outcrops. The kids had a great time collecting bits of quartz over half-an-acre. Their total bag yielded 80 oz. of gold. At 120s. an ounce, that represents a win of £480. (Sir Albert Kitson in his report mentions this coup.)

One English family who were losing money on their sisal farm came early into the field and pegged out a small alluvial claim. It has been yielding an average of £2 a day for months now. "Not a fortune, but it will see us through the slump. Before the gold gives out the price of sisal is bound to rise."

TWO YOUNG SETTLERS in Kenya Colony. There are only 17,000 whites of all ages in the entire dependency as against 3,000,000 natives

So far the gold rush has been confined almost wholly to alluvial diggings. But prospectors have been finding in their sluices an unusually high proportion of rough coarse gold and small nuggets with gold attached—a clear indication that there are a large number of small rich veins of quartz in the beds and sides of the streams.

The big gold finds yet await discovery in the reefs. Sir Albert Kitson opines that trenching aud deeper sinking will disclose reefs of payable thickness and richness. Veins and reefs large enough to be regarded as workable mining propositions have already been proved. One located was 14 in. thick at 10 ft. from the surface. They went down 34 ft. and found it had increased to 6 ft. in thickness, the whole of the 6 ft. carrying good gold. The geologist further reported, on the evidence of gold-flecked quartz found in a valley stream, that in that valley at least two reefs 9 to 10 in. thick await discovery and development.

But it will take years and big money thoroughly to prospect the whole of this forest region; and, anyway, working a gold reef is an altogether different proposition to going after alluvial gold. Reefs mean large capital, methodical prospecting, machinery. No financial group can or will undertake such an enterprise in presence of an unamended Native Land Trust Ordinance which assures for ever to native communes the land under which the gold lies.

It is a queer thought that if the gold strike had been made before the Labour Government came into office, or if Jim Thomas instead of Sidney Webb had gone to the Colonial Office, the basic trouble inherent in that Ordinance would not to-day be bearing its prickly fruit. For the *East African Standard* hit the nail exactly on the head when it said last week that the present trouble can legitimately be traced to Lord Passfield's insistence "upon his own view of the ideal."

For two years there sat in the Colonial Office that small, bearded socialist sociologist whom Mr. Ramsay MacDonald ennobled as Lord Passfield, an unadventurous man whose life has been passed within the safe confines of the State administrative service (a great examination passer), lecture halls, libraries, and the hall of the Fabian Society. He loathes only one thing more than an empire-builder—and that is an empire.

The colonial policy of the insular British Labour Party, in whose midst he had installed himself, called for . . . "the preparation as rapidly as possible of the African peoples for self-government. . . . No measure of responsible government should be granted to these territories unless and until it is certain that the Government will be responsible to and controlled by the African inhabitants." Lord Passfield became extremely active, and presently threw off the celebrated White Paper on Native Policy in East Africa, with its phrase about "paramountcy of native interests." Governors of Dependencies were ordered to carry out its instructions. Thus the Ordinance of 1930 came into being; thus was the pledge of Imperial Britain given to the Kenya natives.

The men on the spot and on the job in Kenya insist that the gold discovery will provide much more remunerative work than the growing of small parcels of low-priced commodities for export, besides relieving the pressure on the land. The liquid wealth passing to the natives' trustees will enable them to carry out planned work of benefit to the natives on their reserves, especially as regards scientific measures for increasing the fertility of their lands, which badly need lime and phosphate.

The natives to date seem pleased and are giving their labour willingly for good wages. What they will feel about the amendment to the 1930 Ordinance, passed by the Kenya Legislature last month, assented to by the Governor in the King's name, and now awaiting sanction of the Imperial Government in London, remains to be seen. If His Majesty's assent is not withheld the 1930 Ordinance will be amended to provide for land in the reserves being granted for mining purposes with discretion to give compensation in cash or an equivalent amount of land elsewhere.

"What other alternative is there," asks the Chief Native Commissioner, "unless we allow to lie undeveloped wealth that may provide prosperity to the country in which every single community can share? . . . the natives are going to be the greatest gainers. . . . They have opportunities of wealth and prosperity they have never known before. . . . In any case we are treating them the same as any of His Majesty's subjects."

The Archbishop of Canterbury has protested. The Oxford Society of Home Students is wroth. "Colour emotionalists" everywhere up in arms at the suggestion that the Imperial Government will approve the amendment desired by the Kenya settlers. So it goes—and so it will go while Britain remains of two minds just why she is in this grand and glorious game of empire, and, being of two minds, gives a Passfield an opportunity to pledge Britain to an ordinance so inequitable as that of 1930.

Ewing Galloway

THE SISAL INDUSTRY has, like all agricultural interests, been more heavily hit by the slump than urban trade. Sisal is seen above being taken off the drying lines in Kenya. The fibre is cleaned by crude hand methods. Many sisal growers are hoping to tide over bad times by amateur gold-mining

THE POPE'S DECREE

The Date of the Crucifixion

By FRANK MORISON

(Author of "Who Moved the Stone?")

THE POPE, who has decreed that 1933 shall be the commemoration year

The actual date of the Crucifixion has been a subject of deep discussion, the years assigned ranging from A.D. 28 to A.D. 37. There are to-day two leading schools of thought, one holding 33, the other 34, to be the authentic date. The Pope would seem to have satisfied both schools by decreeing that the year from Easter of 1933 to that of 1934 shall be taken as the commemorative Holy Year.

The date of the Crucifixion is one of those intricate historical puzzles which can be solved only by a series of deductions based upon the researches of scholars in several widely different fields.

It may surprise the modern reader to know that the astronomer has almost as much to say upon this subject as the historian or the literary critic, and it is mainly after weighing his evidence, in conjunction with the numerous references in pagan and early Christian literature, that the year A.D. 33 has come to be accepted by many competent students as the probable date of the event.

Let us try to see something of the extraordinary interest and complexity of this remarkable problem.

Broadly speaking, of course, the facts are clear. Jesus of Nazareth was born in the Augustan age of Græco-Roman literature—the age of Livy the historian (59 B.C. to A.D. 17); of Virgil the poet (70 B.C. to A.D. 19); of Ovid (43 B.C. to A.D. 18); and of Horace (65 B.C. to A.D. 8). He was crucified during the reign of the Emperor Tiberius (A.D. 14 to 37).

Some time between those two years the greatest and most far-reaching event in Western religious experience took place. Which year was it?

We can begin by narrowing down the inquiry to the relatively short span of about eight years. With the exception of such extreme writers as Professor Couchoud, who appears to doubt even the historical existence of Jesus, it is generally accepted that the Crucifixion took place during the procuratorship of Pontius Pilate, who was appointed to the post, on the recommendation of Sejanus, in A.D. 27. According to Josephus, Pilate was on his way back to Rome, on completing his term of office, when the Emperor Tiberius died on March 16, A.D. 37. A study of St. Luke's Gospel suggests that he was not a recent arrival in the province. A.D. 28 is therefore the earliest Passover which Pilate could have attended in his official capacity, and A.D. 36 the latest.

Fortunately, there is a further limiting condition which, in view of the Gospel records, is of high historical importance. All the canonical accounts and many of the apocryphal documents agree that Caiaphas, the son-in-law of Annas, was the Acting High Priest and prime mover in the proceedings against Jesus. This astute and far-seeing Sadducee was appointed to his position before Pilate arrived upon the scene. He was deposed from that position, according to Josephus, during a Passover not later than the year of Herod Philip's death, A.D. 34. This reduces further the field of our investigation to six years: A.D. 28 to A.D. 33. The overwhelming weight of contemporary scholarship places the event within this period.

Can we go farther? Within certain prescribed limits we can, and indeed must, since we have yet to consider what may be called the circumstantial and scientific evidence.

It is interesting to note in passing that the earliest allusion bearing upon the date of the Crucifixion points to A.D. 33, rather than to the year A.D. 29 associated with early Christian tradition. The pagan chronicler, Phlegon, writing in the reign of Hadrian, refers under Olympiad 202.4 (A.D. 32–33) not only to a great earthquake in Bithynia, but also to an eclipse so remarkable that it became night "at the sixth hour of the day." It is thought that Phlegon, although a pagan, was writing, directly or indirectly, under the influence of the Gospel narrative, and the allusion, slight though it is, confirms our belief that the Crucifixion took place during the six years now under consideration.

A consideration of vital importance in this connection is the check afforded by the chronology of the life of St. Paul. In the "*Oratio Encomiastica in Principes Apostolorum Petrum et Paulum*," erroneously ascribed to Chrysostom, appears the following:

"Thirty-five years he served the Lord with all eagerness; and having finished his course in the cause of religion he went to his rest about sixty-eight years of age."

As Dr. David Smith has aptly pointed out, there is a precision and confidence about this statement which attest it as a recognized tradition. Since, according to Jerome, St. Paul suffered martyrdom in the fourteenth year of Nero (i.e. between October 13, 67, and June 9, 68), the conversion must have taken place as early as A.D. 33. Thus once again we are brought back to the fringe of those critical six years defined by the fall of Caiaphas.

Can we carry the investigation farther with any approach to accuracy? In a sense we can, because the Jewish Passover was fixed in a very peculiar way, and it is here that astronomical considerations enter seriously into the calculation.

The Jews regulated their months in precise accordance with the observed movements of the moon, and the Passover was kept by them at the *full moon of the month, Nisan*. The Paschal lambs were killed on the afternoon of the 14th Nisan, and the meal eaten after sunset which, according to their reckoning, marked the early hours of the 15th. Now the Gospel records affirm that the Crucifixion took place on the eve of a Sabbath (i.e. Friday). If, therefore, Jesus was crucified on the 14th Nisan, we have to find a year in which *the moon was full on that particular day of the week*. An astronomical full moon—the 14th Nisan, Friday—such are the scientific and historical requirements of the problem.

Unfortunately the issue is complicated by two very awkward facts. In ancient Jewish times the Paschal full moon was identified as the first full moon after the earliest ears of the barley harvest had ripened. This involved variation according to the forwardness or backwardness of the season. Secondly, it is not quite certain whether, at the time of Christ, the Paschal month was calculated from the *astronomical* new moon, or from the *first sunset when the new moon became visible*. In early Jewish times the latter was the practice, though there is reason to think that a true astronomical basis had been adopted at the period.

Applying these two methods to the six critical years in question we obtain the following rather striking results:

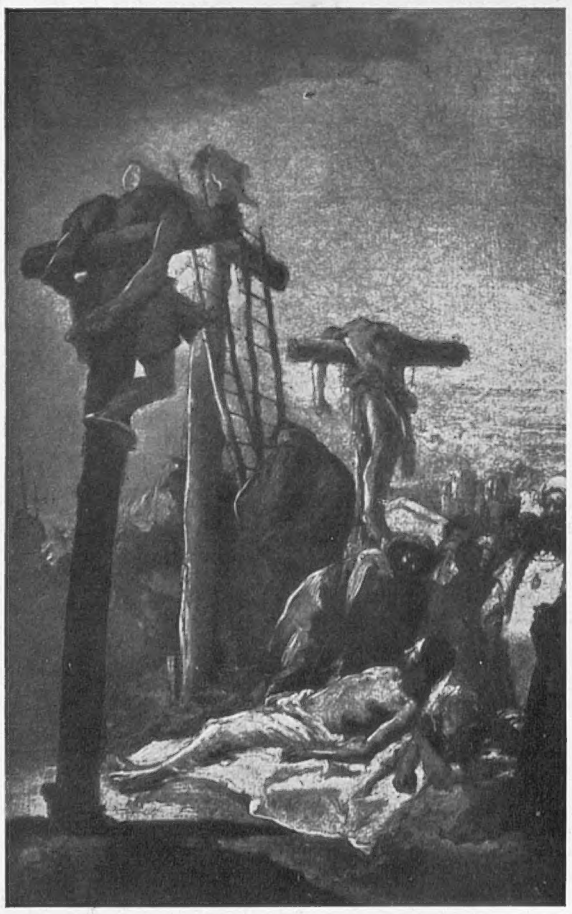
Year	14th Day After Astronomical New Moon	14th Day After New Moon Became Visible
A.D. 28 -	Sun. (Mar. 28)	Tue. (Mar 30)
A.D. 29 -	Thur. (Mar. 17)	Sat. (Mar. 19)
A.D. 30 -	Wed. (Ap. 5)	Fri. (Ap. 7)
A.D. 31 -	Sun. (Mar. 25)	Tue. (Mar. 27)
A.D. 32 -	Sat. (Ap. 12)	Mon. (Ap. 14)
A.D. 33 -	Wed., Thur. (Ap. 1-2)	Fri., Sat. (Ap. 3-4)

(See Ency. Brit., Vol. III, p. 890)

It will be seen from an examination of this table that the only years in which 14th Nisan could have fallen upon a Friday are A.D. 29, 30, and 33, and it is from one of these three years that the choice has ultimately to be made.

There are, of course, many other considerations which have to be taken into account; such, for example, as the duration of the Ministry, the probable date of the Baptism, and the alignment of the ascertained results with the chronology of St. Paul. It is mainly, however, such facts as I have cited above which have influenced the Pope in choosing 1933 as the commemoration year.

Some surprise has been expressed at the inclusion of 1934. This is a concession to certain scholars who have expressed doubt as to whether the year 33–34 was a Sabbatical year. In accordance with a long-standing Jewish practice, a *thirteenth month* was added to the year at intervals in order to maintain correspondence with the seasons. It was forbidden to make this necessary adjustment in Sabbatical years, and two intercalary years in succession were also forbidden. If A.D. 33–34 was a Sabbatical year, the adjustment was probably made a year earlier, and it has been suggested by Professor Turner that in that case the 15th Nisan may have fallen upon a Friday in A.D. 34.



Tiepolo's "Deposition from the Cross"

CALVARY: Nineteen hundred years ago the greatest tragedy of all time drew to its Titanic close. A Papal Decree has enjoined that the year 1933-4 shall be regarded as the nineteenth centennial

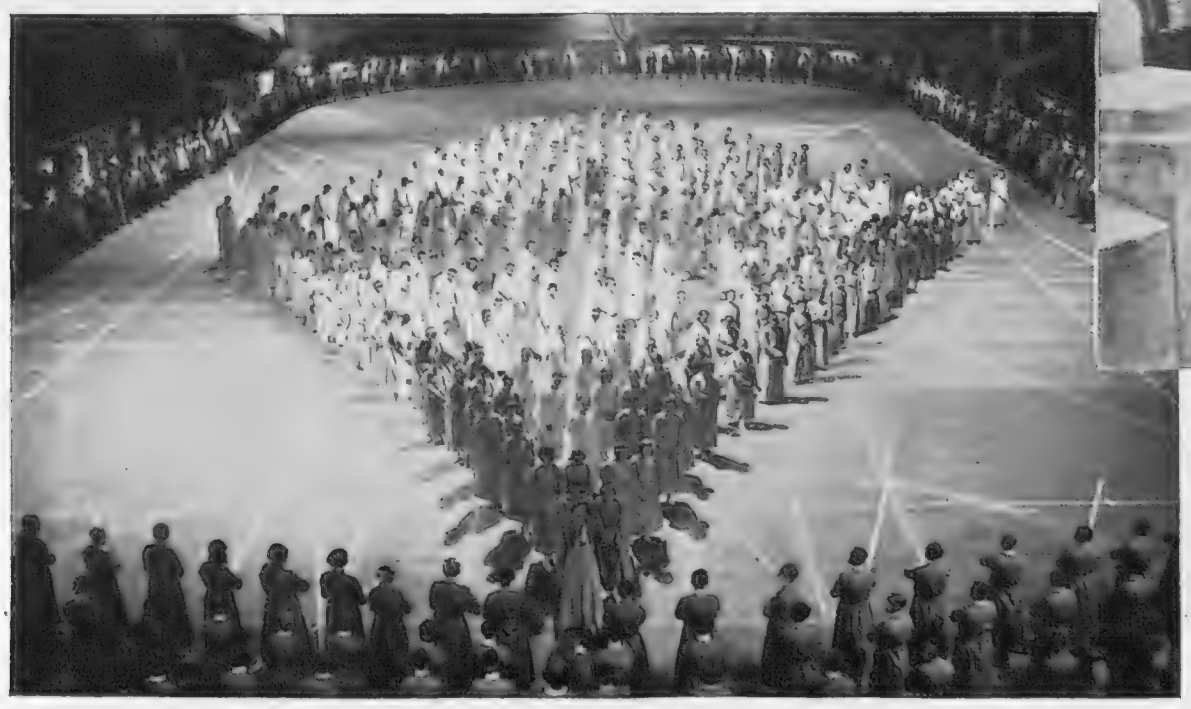
EPIPHANY :

Ritual Commemoration of the Manifestation of Christ to the Magi

RUMANIA : The waters of the River Dimboitza having been blessed, King Carol casts in a cross retrieved by the white-garbed priest standing in the shallows : a rite possibly deriving from a sacrifice either of a victim, or perchance the high priest representing the rain god, to the river

SPAIN : Epiphany, in the Iberian peninsula, is the greatest day of the Christmas period for the children. On the eve of *Reyes* the Three Kings come from the East bringing their treasures (toys) which are hidden in the chimney. Señor Zamora with the Minister of Education and the Mayor of Madrid are seen during a distribution of gifts

CZECHOSLOVAKIA : A paysanne making pipe-cakes for Epiphany. The dough is wound in thin strips round rollers and sprinkled with sugar and ground nuts, and is cooked over an open fire



THE RETURN OF THE CROSS to King Carol of Rumania after its immersion seen in the top left-hand picture on this page. *On left* is a group of the Order of the Holy Grail, which met in Berlin, at which a thousand young Dutch girls were present. High Mass was celebrated by the Bishop of Haarlem, and Bishop Myers of Lamus—an honorary title accorded to a distinguished divine of the Roman Church—was also present. In addition to attending and assisting at the ritual of the celebrations of the Order, the Dutch girls participated in a Miracle play held in the Sportpalast

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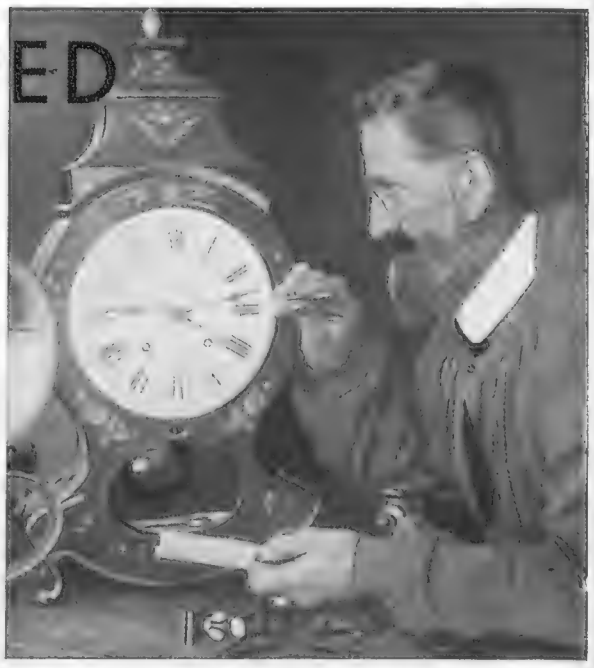
THE CLOCK that STOPPED

Swiss Powder the League Sits Upon

By FERDINAND TUOHY



SWITZERLAND'S CLOCKMAKING INDUSTRY: An expert regulating and restoring an antique Neuenburg clock

When some time ago fifteen burghers of Geneva were killed and fifty wounded, under military automatic-rifle spraying in the heart of Disarmament Metropolis, there may have been something of a general: "That's right! I knew we were going nuts. Now they've started scrapping in Geneva itself!"

Dead and dying in the streets. *Tenez la rue!* Screeching, fist-shaking viragoes, leading on their men. *Tenez la rue!* Troops rushed to guard the League of Nations; battalions of young Valais Catholics lorried down from the hills because of mutiny among the Genevois; fresh, stern young peasants upon whom the bourgeois State can rely, yet not too certainly this time. The young Valais Catholics shall take oath anew after a Mass in the Palais des Expositions—outside which the fusils-mitrailleuses had sprayed—and their battalion colours are stacked above the altar; and as the Host is elevated the young Valais Catholics, come to the city of Calvin, are astonishingly called to the "present!" The while, without, Geneva goes dumbly about its day.

The while, also, the cartoonists vie with the cynics of Europe in yelping with zest, and leader-writers commence "Il ne manquait que cela." After nine months of dismal chit-chat, the *rat-tat-tat* breaks out almost below the windows of Europe's would-be disarmers.

The while, also (probably), Cromwell Road exchanges—

"The very *last* place, my dear, where one would expect these dreadful Bolsheviks!"

"Quite, dear. And I thought the Swiss were like brothers. So lucky, too, and well-off!"

Now that our enlightened paragons of intelligent give-and-take and disinterested goodwill are starting year two of the run of *Cart Before Horse*—or how to disarm without talking about why we're armed—1919 Parisian victoire-riding, chiefly—now that the business-like, intent mouthpieces of fifty nations are on the brink of risking their skins where automatics spray, it may not be inopportune to attempt a correcting picture of Switzerland and of Geneva, since assuredly no myth can be riper for gunpowder than that of a Confederation as peaceful and content as the milk chocolate labels.

SWITZERLAND'S WATCH-MAKING INDUSTRY: Adjusting the face and hands of a watch

The shooting of November last is symptomatic of a country in one of the most difficult situations all Europe over, as it is of a people of vigorous patriots who have ever shown the greatest independence of spirit, and who before now have fought class against class—and in the City State of Geneva—in hating rhythm with revolution elsewhere. There is now in Geneva just the same *Natif*, or popular party, as in '92, only it is called Socialist-Communist, and there are also the aristos, only they are now freely bourgeois-fascist. Heaven knows that, with our history books beside us, there should be nothing to surprise in what recently occurred. In a stroll round Geneva you bump from martyred hero to hero. For liberty! That massacred word.

Switzerland was as happy as the day is long until 1931. Longer than anybody in fact, except Sweden, which lasted until a Paris suicide the following year. There was a revolutionary general strike in Switzerland at Armistice—210 dead in Zürich alone—but we others completely missed such a trifle in those daft days. The trouble is said to have been in part generated by Lenin's war residence in Geneva; it was not due to want because Switzerland had, of course, grown fatter than its cattle on the War; the Swiss spy-land of those times alone meant continuous coin. Things were soon obliterated, anyway, by an unheard-of post-War prosperity.

Switzerland relies on three essentials: her exports, her tourism, and her foreign loans. In that order. Her exports are chiefly machinery, watchmaking, silk embroidery, chocolate. Her tourism set the tempo for the world. The extent of her loaning abroad may be gauged from the fact that over 100,000,000 gold francs were lost through Kreuger alone. Now what has happened?

Exports are 70 per cent. down from peak times. No one abroad can stand up to the Swiss gold franc—it is much too dear. Go to the great Secheron electrical locomotive works in Geneva and you see a minor replica of the Baldwin wilderness of Baltimore. Only France and the Soviet are now giving a few orders for these famous engines. Hundreds of hands have been dismissed, the remainder are on short hours and cut wages. As for the poor watchmakers of Geneva—more than 2,000 of them—not a thing is ticking, and the State has had to decree a special dole. Tariffs, mainly U.S. and our own, stopped *that* clock. And need one mention the empty hotels and resorts of this glorious land? The State has had to step in here, too, with a special hotel subsidy that this industry may be preserved.

As for the loaning, that is perhaps the biggest set-back of the lot. It may be so that the Confederation's stock of gold equals our own, and our population ten times the size; it may be so that untold millions in foreign currency still repose in Swiss vaults; but the gold is the useless encumbrance it is elsewhere, only rendering life dear for the natives, and the sterner facts are that most of Switzerland's foreign loaning has gone frozen, probably for ever, while withdrawals have already set in on the French side consequent on the recent scandal in which thousands of the best Parisians were implicated for dodging taxation by banking in Switzerland.

It is this loaning fiasco that propelled the present Geneva trouble: the Banque de Genève, the refuge of the people, went smash in suspicious circumstances, and ever since the Socialists have been crying out loud against their betters and especially against the local State Council and its President, Frédéric Martin. There had been gross criminal shielding!

In sum: the national income has slid by about 40 per cent. But the standard of living, the highest in Europe, goes marching on. That is the kernel of the situation. Switzerland is the current land par excellence of high wages and higher cost of living—and what is a worse thing to-day than that? It confronts Government permanently with the dilemma: Shall wages be cut to attract deceased foreign custom, or shall high wages be "borrowed" from capital to maintain the home purchasing power? Switzerland hasn't decided yet. Much of the country doesn't believe wage-cutting to be the cure—Schaffhausen, one of the biggest centres, has a Communist Mayor—and, for the present, economy and increased taxation are to be tried. Here again is difficulty supreme. Besides having so heavily to subsidize watchmaking, the hotels, the railways, and agriculture—above all, the last—the Government employs functionaries to the tune of 70,000 and, moreover, their cost has increased nearly threefold since before the War. Wage cuts are being essayed in this realm, and Communists are being combed out.

SWITZERLAND'S ENGINEERING INDUSTRY: A general view of the big Oerlikon engineering works at Winterthur

I mentioned agriculture, so very interesting nowadays. The Swiss are in a fine fix concerning it. Official policy has long been to protect the peasants up to the eyes at the expense of the town-dweller forming two-thirds of the country. Swiss milk, butter, cheese are much dearer for the Swiss than the exported produce is for foreign buyers. So is bread—the artificial price of wheat being, I believe, 100 per cent. above the world figure.

I have not given a healthy picture of Switzerland, nor did I intend to. The country is thoroughly unhealthy, for all its seeming peace and content in lush meadows, as amid tinkling snows and by calm lake sides.

Switzerland has a gold *indigestion fou*. It is also permanently held to account by a grievous adverse trade balance. And the lowest wages at present dared in this country, so utterly dependent on foreign custom (and wholly without basic industries such as coal and steel), are approximately 8s. a day. Even the dole is larger relatively than ours! There may be 120,000 unemployed and they get half or 60 per cent. of the wages they once drew. This goes on for three months, then the sum is halved for the next six months. A big fight is now on to have this second period prolonged to a year.

I fear I have said all too little of unrest where sits the League. Yet the above general sketch has direct reference to Geneva, with one or two additions. Geneva's revolutionary past needs to be borne in mind, also Lenin's life there, and the life of many another of his breed. To-day you see young Red-shirts promenading where once the Empress Elizabeth was stabbed. Their chief is Maître Vincent, a Frenchman. There is great liberty of word in Switzerland—or there has been up till now.

Next to Vincent comes the fighting Tronchet, he who led his men against the League Palace that is building and smashed glass with the heavy hand. And then come Deputies Nicole and Dicker, who are in prison for inciting the recent *tenez la rue!* Nicole is the big thing, and he has two papers which flog the bourgeoisie and the banks, others of which are beginning to be marked "doubtful."

And then, on the other side, are M. Martin and the Fascist, Oltramare, who summoned the meeting which caused the tragedy. He runs the "National Union" and meant to brand Nicole publicly as an enemy of Switzerland, and Nicole wouldn't stand for that and there was the rioting, and boys in uniform trotted up and an officer said "Fire" and these infernal new automatic rifles did their damnedest in just ten seconds.

I have no space to append an obviosity, namely, that Moscow has a fine field of manœuvre at Geneva, on the world stage, and with many a polyglot déraciné probably pushing the goods in the wings. Without doubt, something of the present Genevois fever is traceable to below surface incitement from this quarter. Meanwhile, I do not credit the rumour that the League contemplates shifting to healthier climes. I always look askance at such reports ever since an influential Geneva colleague conducted a long cabled campaign for moving the League to Vienna. He loved a lass there who was bored by Geneva.

THE B.B.C. from within

A first full camera survey of Broadcasting House

"MISCELLANY": A glimpse of a rehearsal in Studio 8A of C. Denis Freeman's and M. H. Allen's *Miscellany No. 5*. Mr. Edward Clark is seen conducting *Les Choephores* by Milhaud. The Wireless Singers are to right of microphone. *Inset on right* is Miss Marion Harris, the American cabaret star, before the microphone

A REHEARSAL INTERRUPTED: Mr. Jack Hulbert has so high a standard of production that he frequently erupts into the studio from the adjacent listening room where the broadcast can be appreciated from the point of view of the ordinary listener. The illustration shows him smoothing down the performers who are in front of the microphone and thus relieving the balance and control men, who are seated in an adjacent listening room, of some of their work, which is, of course, to modulate singing, speech, and instrumental music before it is passed on to the control engineers at the top of the building (who are shown at work on following pages).

BRITISH BROADCASTING

A Special Series of Views Showing the Mechan

THE BROADCAST EXCHANGE: The control room on the eighth floor where all studios and outside lines are linked up to the transmitters (at Daventry, etc.) by land lines to Portland Place

ENGINEERS AT WORK on rehearsal control positions. Th trans control points, and it is to the engineers tha a co

"NOISES OFF"! The effects studio, whence such noises as hoof-beats, running water, syrens, bells, and rowing are supplied. The microphone on a universal mounting can be adjusted to any position required

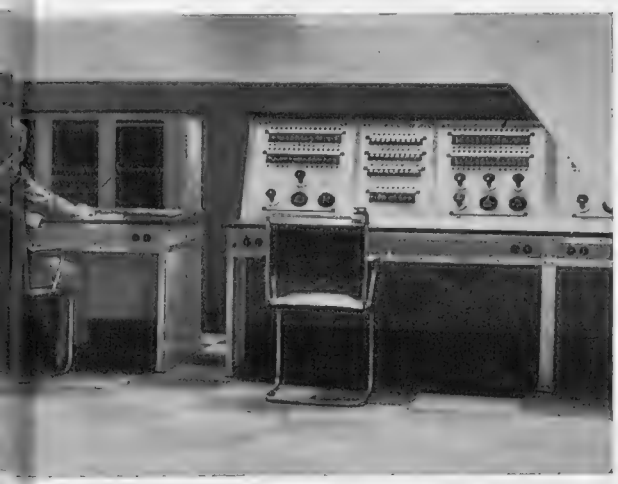
THE DRAMATIC CONTROL PANEL which signals to the performers when they shall proceed and which, in the case of a broadcast play, modulates musical effects, crowds, and noises off, and scientifically mixes the output of all studios concerned in the production

THE GRAMOPHONE EFFECTS STUDIO which combines with the effects studio sounds not to be created in the latter. The mike before the operator is not for broadcasting, but for "talking back" during rehearsal to the producer

SEEN THROUGH THE OBSERVATION WINDOWS: The balance and control offici in together. This picture shows the Sixth Floor Triangular Listening Room belonging to windows. The cast of L. de Garde Peach's play, *Nor West*, is seen at

G FROM WITHIN

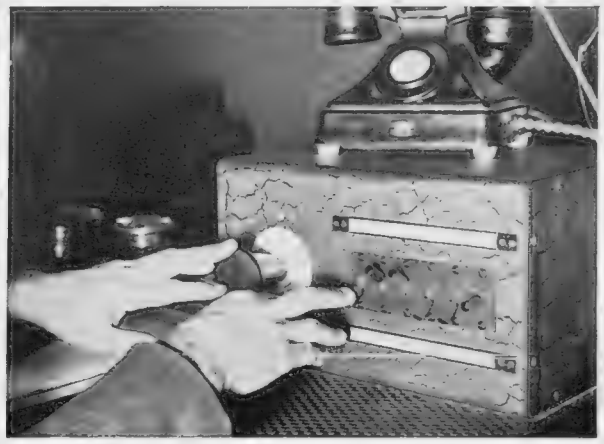
lehanics of the B.B.C. at Broadcasting House



hi transmissions from each studio are concentrated on these
ne a complete programme first becomes intelligible

THE MAN WHO PULLS THE STRINGS: An engineer on a transmission control position. The engineers regulate the sounds and send them in electrical impulses by the land lines to the distant aerials

THE EFFECTS STUDIO whence emanate the majority of the curious sounds required for the varied B.B.C. programmes. The apparatus shown includes the thunder sheet, cracking matchboxes for splintering wood, and the drum and revolving fan for the no e of an aeroplane



THE PANEL where sits an engineer checking quality on the transmitted lines against quality over the air. Facilities are provided in the quality checking rooms for listening by wireless or across the lines carrying the programmes from Broadcast House to the transmitters. An immediate and direct comparison can thus be made

ial in the foreground is following a rehearsal on headphones and linking the two groups
ng to the Production Group. Studios 6 B and 6 C are seen through the observation
er at rehearsal. Both groups of actors are playing in the same production

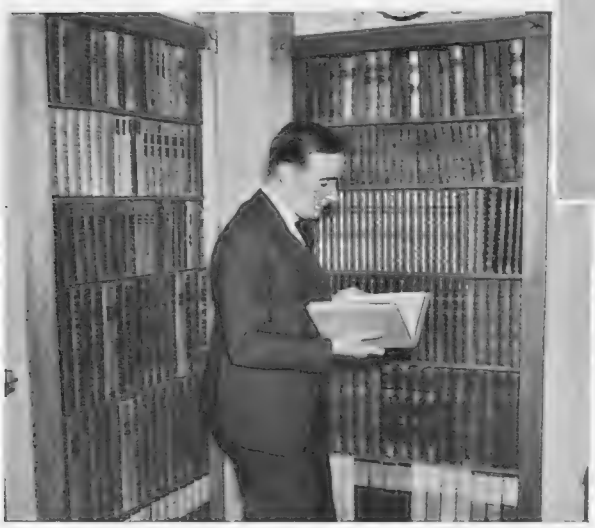
CHECKING QUALITY: The supervising engineer at work. The loud-speaker is fed from a wireless check receiver, or from the lines feeding the transmission

B. B. C.

(continued from previous pages)

"HEARD" BUT NOT SEEN! Mr. Gerald Heard, whose name as a regular broadcaster has become almost a household word at the mike

THE NEWS-ROOM: The chief announcer receives from the News Editor a red-hot item—a scene in one of the twin news studios



ATMOSPHERIC: Mr. Gerald Heard in Studio 3D which has been decorated to give lecturers the impression that they are in a typical book-lined study

TO THE ARTISTES' FOYER

Probably no other building in London has so many grades of talent entering its portals as Broadcasting House. Here high-brow and low-brow alike come together for the entertainment of fifteen million listeners. Politicians, scientists, world-famous artistes and chorus girls pass each other along the mile or more of corridors on their passage to and from the studios. From early morn to midnight something is going on in the way of interviewing, auditions, rehearsals, or broadcasts. It is estimated that the visitors' lifts each make 3,000 journeys up and down to discharge and pick up people on the eleven floors of Broadcasting House in the course of a day

VERSATILITY INCARNATE: The B.B.C. accompanist who has to follow (and sometimes lead) an incredible diversity of items—accomplished with success

DEBATE: Messrs. Holt Marvell and S. P. B. Mais argue vehemently before the microphone in the Discussion Studio—No. 8B

See "Talking for Television" on a later page

CONFERENCE: Members of the cast (including Miss Martita Hunt and Miss Margaretta Scott) of one of Mr. Val Gielgud's radio dramas discussing the dialogue

A VISIBLE BROADCAST: Mlle Alice Delysia in a television broadcast in front of the photo-electric unit and the torpedo-shaped mike

Above in circle—BEAUTY ON THE ETHER: Miss Betty Astell and Miss Betty Bolton in the first B.B.C. televised broadcast (22/8/32)

A TELE-VISION! The dancer Donina at a televised broadcast in front of the television "eye"

STEAM STILL HOLDS ITS OWN

3,000 STEEL HORSES IN ONE! The 3,000 h.p. Mountain-Etat locomotive recently put into service on the Paris-Havre-Cherbourg line. It accomplishes the 232 miles of the journey in roughly four hours. Less than two years ago the journey took five hours. This locomotive is equipped with a mechanical stoker which automatically feeds the furnace directly from the tender according to the amount of steam pressure required. The curious screens visible on each side of the forepart of the boiler prevent the various vapours from the smoke-stack from obscuring the driver's vision, by creating a strong upward draught when the engine is in motion. The special tender contains, in addition to fuel, nearly 8,000 gallons of water. The engine is limited to a speed of 75 m.p.h., but is capable of higher speeds

FOURTEEN WHEELS: A view of the driving and auxiliary wheels of the French Mountain-Etat locomotive which has no fewer than eight driving wheels coupled to the usual guiding rods. Eight tons of fuel are required to get up the necessary steam pressure

GULLIVER IN BROBDINGNAG! A youthful member of that world-wide legion of small would-be engine-drivers very nearly fulfils his ambitions while viewing the numerous controls in the Mountain-Etat "dashboard"

FOR TESTS AT HIGH SPEED: Accurate observations as to this L.M.S. engine's behaviour and conditions of the track at high speed would be impossible were it not for this shield which is fitted to the front of the engine and accommodates behind it experts who, through the circular observation windows, are enabled to record any faults actual or potential

A LONELY SHORE OF THE DOOMED "SEA": A glimpse of the once-prosperous fishing district of Spakenburg. Owing to the linking up of the great sea dyke no salt-water sh can enter the Zuider Zee. This area will probably be preserved as an inland freshwater lake, but this transition will inevitably take years. The Dutch nation is somewhat staggered at the enormous cost into which it has run, but the general feeling is that the work will be proceeded with in easy stages

DRAINING THE SOIL: A mechanical ditch-digger, which drives a trough through the reclaimed polder, hurling the displaced soil in a cloud of clods to the left as it progresses

The reclamation of the Zuider Zee is slowly revealing the secrets of a comparatively unknown phase of Dutch history. The northern part of Holland has been subject to frequent and catastrophic change, of which the formation of the Zuider Zee somewhere in the early Middle Ages is the most significant. Of the period which predates that formation hardly anything was known until Doctor Braat of the Leyden Museum of Antiquities, with a band of skilful assistants, began to excavate over the land regained from the sea, and now known as the Wieringermeer Polder.

In the Roman period and until well into the Middle Ages, the northern part of the Zuider Zee was a separate lake called the Mer Flevo. It was surrounded by a number of smaller lakes and was directly connected with the North Sea by a waterway known as the Vlie. Tidal movements gradually washed away the intervening low-lying land, and the Mer Flevo extended to embrace all the neighbouring lakes in spite of the primitive dykes erected by the inhabitants of the low banks. This gradual advance of the sea was accelerated on different occasions by tidal floods which broke through all protective barriers and completely swallowed whole settlements. Thus was the Zuider Zee formed.

The area already claimed recovers the site of the Wieringermeer, or Wieringer Lake, which had a separate existence before the creation of the Zuider Zee, and along the edge of which were thriving settlements. The excavations which have been carried

(Continued on a later page)

HOUSES OF THE AGE OF THE NORMAN CONQUEST: Foundations of dwellings ascribed by pottery finds to the tenth and eleventh centuries. These excavated sites in the Wieringermeer polder have filled up with water

Below is a group of pottery finds discovered in the reclaimed polder of the Wieringermeer. They are of the tenth and eleventh centuries

SECRETS OF THE ZUIDER ZEE

Homes Buried for a Thousand Years Come to Light

TILLING THE BED OF THE SEA: A gigantic multiple plough furrowing the newly reclaimed polder to infinite perspective. The motive power is supplied by a 20-h.p. caterpillar tractor—rendered essential by the softness of the ground. Drainage has proved the greatest problem to be solved in the cultivation of the reclaimed area

BROKEN BOATS AMID THE GROWING GRAIN: An actual and visible yet symbolic picture of the change that has come over Holland—the fruits of the land ousting the culture of the sea. In certain areas where the sea-bed has been of a more fertile character, crops have already been raised, but in other areas the salty nature of the sea-bed will require a considerable time to become sufficiently oxygenated to yield fruitful crops

THE INSURANCE of "L'ATLANTIQUE"

Is She a C. T. L.?

By CHARLES GRAVES

A BUCKLED HULL: The mental picture which has filled the mind of many London brokers during the past few days. Is she a C. T. L. (=constructive total loss) or not? On that point, much will rest

"Never in my life," he said patiently, "have I heard so many cock-and-bull stories. Every evening for a fortnight now I have gone home in the train with my evening newspaper to read and the chatter of my fellow passengers which I cannot help overhearing. What nonsense they get hold of! After all, I should know. Here in the Claims Department I have been in touch daily and personally with the owners, underwriters, salvage companies, and all the rest of it ever since it happened."

The speaker was a tall, slim young man with fair hair brushed back over the temples, and I had been spending an hour with him on the subject of *L'Atlantique*. I had gone to him because, as he said, he *knew*. He is in the Claims Department of ——— and ——— and ———, the brokers through whom the insurance of the ill-fated French liner was placed. This is what he told me:

"About forty-five English companies in the Marine Market are affected by the loss of *L'Atlantique*. Their 'lines' range from 49,000 francs to 223,000 francs. One underwriter was lucky enough on the day before the disaster to look over his commitments and to decide that he was carrying too much in the way of fire risks on liners. So he reinsured his line on *L'Atlantique*. Altogether *L'Atlantique* was insured for 100,120,000 francs in the matter of All Risks, and for another 70,000,000 francs for *bonne arrivée*. The vast bulk of this was done on the London Marine Market through us. But a great deal was covered by French insurance companies, who have been hit very much harder than they liked. And don't go away with the idea that the owners enjoyed the news that their vessel had caught fire. My own opinion is that the ship cost at least double what she was insured for, and some people say that she cost still more—a matter of £3,000,000 in fact. Since you ask me, let me say that the point has not even been *raised* about the Marine Market failing to pay in full its liabilities. Of course it will pay.

"How much will its liabilities amount to? At the moment I cannot tell you. As most people know, there is such a thing as a constructive total loss as well as a total loss. The former, according to French insurance law, is the same as the latter if it costs as much as 75 per cent. of the original outlay to repair the vessel. In any case, it can happen that it would cost more to effect repairs on a badly damaged vessel than to pay the original insurance. Meantime, you may care to ponder on the fact, which has so far completely eluded the attention of the Press of this country, that *L'Atlantique* has not yet been adjudged a C.T.L. (a constructive total loss). It is possible that before you put your article in THE SPHERE this may occur. But I doubt it. The latest report is to the effect that, though all the passenger accommodation and structure of A to F decks have been burnt out and that the ship's side structure has been buckled to the water-line, the engine and locker rooms are reported to be intact. And the machinery would, of course, have represented a substantial part of the original cost of the vessel.

"Who decides whether it is a constructive total loss or not? That is a matter which can only be decided by deliberation between the owners, the representatives of the underwriters, Mr. Little, who went over from Liverpool to give expert salvage advice, and ourselves, the brokers, who placed the insurance in England.

"What caused the fire? I only wish we knew. As you have heard, it is supposed to have started in a 1st class cabin full of blankets and bedding, and the captain suggested doubtfully that it may have been started by a cigarette end. The chances are that it was caused by the short circuiting of an electric wire, and electric wires, as far as I know, are the same in French ships as in English ships.

"What was the exact policy and would it cover, say, the risk of a mad steward setting fire to the ship in fifty different places? Let me repeat to you that there is no question of Lloyds failing to pay its full liabilities on this policy, and in any case I think you have 'inquisited' me enough."

Well, there you are, and I will not go into any more details, as I was advised that it would take days to explain the full story to me, and even then I should almost certainly get all the technical points wrong. Besides, the private inquiry is taking place at Cherbourg now, and later on there will be a public one, perhaps in Paris.

But what I *can* do is to tell the story of *L'Atlantique* from the moment of launching to its arrival —not in the lurid phraseology of the popular Press, but in the more or less technical way in which it interested Lloyds. Underwriters at Lloyds, being human, were naturally upset by the details of *L'Atlantique's* ghastly ordeals, the red-hot decks, the screaming of the doomed men, the heroism of one of the cabin boys assisting the courageous Captain Schoofs. But when it came to a question of business, this is how they would have regarded it. *L'Atlantique* was built at St. Nazaire and was launched on April 15, 1930. She was to have entered the water on the previous day, but a sudden storm prevented this. After her trials in the August of the following year she left for her maiden voyage to Buenos Aires on September 29 of 1931. Apart from the double bottom and double shell, the hull was divided by thirteen water-tight bulkheads, and each of the thirty-eight water-tight doors could be closed simultaneously from the bridge. In the upper 'tween decks there were five bulkheads and thirteen steel curtains covered with asbestos. The fire-extinguishing apparatus includes sea water, steam, carbonic acid gas, and foam installations. There were also a large number of portable extinguishers. She had accommodation for 1,238 passengers.

While being built she was insured for approximately £2,900,000 (which was much less than later on), and when completed was estimated to have cost at least £3,000,000. On December 30 *L'Atlantique* arrived at Pauillac from Buenos Aires, where she was to undergo an overhaul. A quadruple-screw vessel of 42,512 tons gross, owned by the Compagnie de Navigation Sud Atlantique, she had been in service for only fifteen months and was the twelfth largest liner afloat; she still is, if it comes to that. At 4 a.m. on January 4 the first S O S from *L'Atlantique* was picked up by the German motor-boat *Ruhr* and the British steamer *Ford Castle*. At the time *L'Atlantique* was on her way from Pauillac to Havre. Both vessels rushed to her rescue. For two hours the officers and men of *L'Atlantique* tried to fight the flames, but at 6 a.m. it was decided to abandon the vessel. In the meantime the wireless messages had been relayed to the station at Land's End, and when Lloyds opened for business the sorry story was posted in the Loss Book. Underwriters, as soon as they heard of it, hurried off to consult their books and see how far they were concerned. At first sixty guineas per cent. was quoted for reinsurance. This rose to eighty guineas, and then subsided to sixty-five guineas when the report that she had been abandoned was contradicted by a news agency. This report in turn being contradicted, *L'Atlantique* soon became quite uninsurable, thus finding herself in the unenviable position of being only the third vessel in history over 40,000 tons gross to incur a casualty bringing herself within measurable distance of total loss. (The other two were the *Titanic* and the *Britannic*.)

The same afternoon the Salvage Association received a telegram from Messrs. L. Smit and Son to say that the tugs *Roode See* and *Simson* had made connection forward, and that French tugs had connected aft. The position of the vessel was then seven miles east of Portland, and nobody was on board. The tug owners suggested that efforts should be made to tow her to the Solent and fight the fire there.

Meantime, the private inquiry into the cause of the disaster was opened in the Hôtel des Emigrants at Cherbourg, for the French Minister of Merchant Marine had already arrived to interview the survivors. Among them was Captain Schoofs, who was the last to leave the vessel and who quickly went off again in a tug to see about the possibility of towing in the derelict liner. By this time French public opinion had been thoroughly aroused by this latest disaster, and voiced its determination to know what is wrong with the French Mercantile Marine. No answer has yet been given, although, in the case of *Georges Philippar*, a laconic official message was issued that the Commission of Inquiry had accepted a certain hypothesis as probable.

Next day members of Lloyds learnt that *L'Atlantique*, still burning, had been towed to Cherbourg, which she reached in the early hours of the morning. Later they learned that a question of salvage might be raised as a result of a curious incident during the tow. It was said that a German tug was already attached to the liner by a cable when the commander of *L'Atlantique*, Captain Schoofs, asked the master of the tug to withdraw. This he refused to do, and the French minelayer *Pollux* made two unsuccessful attempts to cut the cable of the *Simson*. No further attempt was made to carry out this manœuvre, and the German tug continued to assist the French and Dutch tugs.

But until they knew whether or not *L'Atlantique* was a constructive total loss, the point was purely of academic interest to the unfortunate underwriters, and at the moment they are still in that undesirable predicament. The owners of *L'Atlantique* are presumably pursuing the normal course of any prudent owner—behaving as if they were uninsured. The brokers are waiting for the official statement from Mr. Little acting on behalf of the Salvage Association. When that has been received, a conference will be held with the owners, and a certain amount of negotiation will have to be conducted until finally an agreed sum is reached.

The owners may say that, though the hull is officially deemed a constructive total loss, they cannot be bothered to repair it, in which event they will be paid pro rata. The official report may say that it is a constructive total loss. In any event, the brokers will collect what is owing from the Marine Market in dollars, francs, sterling, or whatever it prefers to pay in, and it will be sent over in convenient sums to the owners after the latter have filed their official claim.

In the case of the insurance on the *Pieter Cornelisz Hooft*, the 14,000-ton motor-ship which was burnt out at Amsterdam last year, the whole of the £750,000 owed by the London Market was collected in ten days. Even the vast sum involved by the disaster to *L'Atlantique* will possibly be paid within a fortnight, and thus maintain the prestige of Lloyds at the height to which it has always been accustomed. Lloyds will certainly pay as soon as the sum of its liability is agreed upon. Meantime, its members can only twiddle their fingers and wonder whether it would be better to buy francs forward or pay in sterling or dollars, according to the rate of exchange.

FILMS of the HOUR

NO MORE ORCHIDS : Miss Carole Lombard and Mr. Lyle Talbot in the new film at the Dominion Theatre

THE MATCH KING : Mr. Warren William in the title-role and Miss Lili Damita in the romantic film based on the life of Ivar Kreuger

MISS JOAN CRAWFORD : A study of the famous Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer star who played Flaemmchen in *Grand Hotel*

ATLANTIDE : Two moments during the great Pabst production in which Brigette Helm (who leaped into fame in *Metropolis*) is starring. *On left* the Queen of Atlantis receives from her soothsayers news of the future. *On right* is a scene from the modern section of the picture

WIFE IN PAWN : Mr. Frank Vosper, who takes a leading part in this newest of the London Film Productions

STRANGE EVIDENCE : Miss Norah Baring plays in this London Film picture

KING OF THE RITZ : Miss Betty Stockfeld, who plays in this British Lion-Gainsborough picture, has her make-up adjusted

THE FLOOR OF ROME: A mosaic of the second century A.D. Others, one with a human figure, have been unearthed

A SUBTERRANEAN FLUE beneath a mosaic floor. The author of the accompanying notes crawled through this flue and was covered with genuine Roman soot

A WELL in one of the well-conditioned houses unearthed during the 1932 season not far from the Watling Street—the great Roman road driven from London to Chester and now extended to Bangor and Holyhead

EXCAVATION OF THE WELL seen in the upper picture. A constant stream of visitors made its way to St. Albans during the summer, many of whom purchased small Roman relics, thus swelling the excavation funds

THE CITY WALL which, with the bank and ditch system, formed the defences of the town. A Roman tower has been recently discovered on this stretch of wall

CITIZENS TROD

A Record of Work at Verulamium During 1932

"And Verulam's ruines hath raysed the beautie of now St. Albones."

St. Alban's Abbey, the shrine of Verulamium's most famous citizen, with its central Norman tower built of Roman brick, looks down to the west across the river Ver to the beautiful fields that were once a flourishing Roman city—a city of the highest Roman provincial rank and the only one of that rank in Britain. To the visitor, Verulamium has meant the great stretch, traceable for the major part of its two-mile circuit, of the city defences. These defences—bank, wall, and impressive ditch system—were built in the second century A.D. to enclose the flourishing town that had spread, ribbon-wise, along the Watling Street.

But the Verulamium that was overwhelmed by Boadicea in the year A.D. 61 lay partly under and partly outside the northern half of this later town: and it seems to have girt itself as a result of that disaster with a strong defence of bank and ditch known in part as The Fosse. Perhaps the most impressive cutting made in 1932 was at the point where this earthwork, levelled and rammed by Roman hands, was crossed by the builders of the later stone wall.

Before the coming of the Romans, however, the dry ground on the hill-top (now Prae Wood) had been the site of a prosperous if primitive township. Here the peaceful activities of the prehistoric population, using iron knives and fastening their garments with bronze brooches, are indicated by the recovery of loom-weights, spindle-whorls, remains of clay-domed ovens, together with pierced bricks and fire-bars. The occurrence of crude, prehistoric building-bricks (amongst the first to be identified in Britain) suggests an unusual degree of sophistication in their mode of life, but the buildings for which the bricks were made await discovery, we hope, this year. The pottery discarded by this population was largely of local manufacture, but its forms were influenced by wares imported from Belgium in the first century B.C. Examples of these imported platters, of the later part of that century, were also found in considerable quantities.

At some period in its history, a defence of bank and ditch with stout palisade had been thrown up across the line of approach from the east over the river-ford. These, if evidence of anything more than local disturbance, suggest a barrier against the invading armies of Claudius in the year A.D. 43. This Prae Wood prehistoric site seems, then, to have been an open town at the end of the first century B.C. It was here that Tasciovanus minted the first inscribed coins known to have been struck in these islands. For coins of this ruler bear, in one form or another, the name of Verulamium, and suggest that what was in effect the capital of South-eastern Britain before the Romans came might lie hidden under or near the Roman city.

What then of the great Cassivellaunus, attacked in his stronghold by Julius Cæsar in 54 B.C.? Cæsar's own account of his pursuit of this great king leads us into Hertfordshire, but the sight of that stronghold has remained, and perhaps remains, uncertain.

A chance find, and my husband's instant appreciation of its implication led investigation farther afield—to a plateau site commanding the river Lea near Wheathampstead, five miles and more from St. Albans. Defended on two sides even to-day by stupendous earthworks (the ditch on the north-west is 130 ft. across and some 40 ft. deep), this hill-top sheltered a people who again were equipped with weaving looms, with iron knives and bronze brooches, with pottery that links them to that great Belgic people who, as Cæsar tells us, had before his day been pressing across the Channel into Britain. The trial excavations of 1932 go to make out a case here for a population still uneasy (witness the great defences), whose activities may be related to the middle of the first century B.C.

But to return to the latest Roman town. The remains of the south or "London" gate, the north or "Chester" gate, and the gate through which the road from the Forum led out to the west towards Silchester, have all been identified. Those to the north and south were imposing structures (akin to the Porte St. André at Autun) with round-fronted towers flanking double foot- and carriage-ways where the Watling Street entered and left the Roman town. The towers of the "Silchester" gate were square, and but a single roadway between two footways passed between them. Two of the system of great watch-towers which, with the gates, were an integral feature of the second century defences have also been excavated.

(Continued on a later page)

ART: Ancient and Modern

"JOHN JULIUS ANGERSTEIN," by Sir Thomas Lawrence, P.R.A., recently acquired by a Cincinnati, Ohio, collector. Mr. Angerstein's collection formed the nucleus of the National Gallery

"CHARLES II, DUKE OF SAXONY": Ascribed to the reign of Francis I (1515–47). A notable canvas of the Friedsam collection, now on view in New York

"CATHERINE OF BRAGANZA," by Sir Peter Lely, a gem once owned by the Earls of Kinnoull, but just dispersed from the collection of the late A. H. Mulliken of Chicago

TO THE DANISH SAILORS WHO LOST THEIR LIVES IN THE WAR: The striking memorial recently erected in Copenhagen, the modernism of whose base is in vigorous and somewhat surprising contrast to the classical figure on the pedestal

THE RECEPTION ROOM of Dirleton Castle, by A. Mason Trotter, shown at the recent Scottish Water Colour Exhibition at the Arlington Galleries

Two notable water-colours stood out in the recent exhibition of Scottish Water Colour Art in London. They were by Mr. A. Mason Trotter of Edinburgh, and showed two aspects of a twelfth century stronghold in Haddingtonshire. Mr. Trotter has caught the form and colour of this massive stonework with loving skill

DOWN TO THE DONJONS: The fateful stairway in Dirleton Castle, one of the great Border keeps — by A. Mason Trotter

SIR HENRY LYTTON, who is making his farewell appearance in London to-day (January 21)

MR. DARRELL FANCOURT whose greatest rôles are the "Mikado" and "Sir Roderic Murgatroyd"

MR. CHARLES GOULDING, a leading tenor of the Savoy Company, who plays "Marco"

MR. SYDNEY GRANVILLE, the exponent of the great baritone rôles, "Pooh Bah" and "Don Alhambra"

MR. MARTYN GREEN, who has been elected the successor to Sir Henry Lytton in his many rôles

MR. JOHN DEAN, who has made an outstanding success as "Cyril," the humorous prince, in *Princess Ida*

MR. RICHARD WATSON, who comes from the land of Melba and plays "The Lieutenant of the Tower" and "Hildebrand"

MISS DOROTHY GILL, who plays all the contralto rôles in succession to the late Bertha Lewis

MISS KATHLEEN FRANCES, who plays "Angelina" in *Trial by Jury* and other parts in the repertoire

Kathleen Iddon

MISS MURIEL DICKSON who plays most of the leading soprano rôles

MR. LESLIE RANDS AND MISS MARJORIE EYRE: Mr. Rands plays leading baritone rôles in the operas. One of his outstanding rôles being "Strephon." Miss Eyre is the attractive soubrette of the Company which leaves to-day (January 21) for an extensive tour of the provinces

SAVOYARDS IN MUFTI

PLAYS:

By PHILIP

No less a person than Henry Irving was supposed I know not on what authority—to have replied when asked what was a sincere actor, "a d——d bad one!"

Whether one agrees with that estimate or not (and I do not agree with it) it raises an interesting point. If Irving meant what he said, he condemns himself out of his own mouth. No more sincere actor, no more sincere servant of the stage ever lived than Henry Irving. Bernard Shaw, in his days as a dramatic critic, trounced him pretty severely for producing, apart from Shakespeare, some rotten plays, and for doing preposterous things in them. But Irving never entered on his job with his tongue in his cheek.

When in a duel on the stage of the old Lyceum with Squire Bancroft he said, "We've got 'em, B., we've got 'em," he was not being insincere or even implying that he and his distinguished companion of the Victorian Order were developing attacks of *delirium tremens*. He meant, of course, that the audience was being held. That was a tribute to his eagerness as well as to his sincerity.

Besides, there is nothing insincere in *knowing* that one is effectively expressing emotion which one does not feel. No sensible actor or actress ever belonged to that silly modern school (mostly female) which kids itself that it must personally undergo all the agonies and perturbations of the character that is portrayed.

Whenever I hear of an actress who pretends to be so affected after her performance that she has to lie down and take a sedative—"because, you know, the part rends my heart in twain every time I play it" etc., etc., I know that, as Irving did or did not say, she is "a d——d bad one."

To what extent has sincerity its place in the present fashion of reviving preposterous melodrama of the fashion of our great-grandfathers? I should say that it must have the foremost place, or there is no hope for such revivals.

It is axiomatic that farce must be played seriously or the funniest farce in the world will run for less than a week. Let there be one wink at the audience, one private "gag" among those on the stage, and the whole damage is done.

What, then, about the attitude towards "goriodrama," of which we have just had two diverse specimens in Dion Boucicault's old play, *The Streets of London* and the still older *Sweeney Todd, the Demon Barber of Fleet Street* produced, *mirabile dictu*, by the Independent Theatre Club?

I do not intend to join in the lengthy controversy between my revered colleagues, Mr. James Agate and Mr. Sydney Carroll, over the former. But I do say that, although every player in *The Streets of London* was obviously playing "straight," according to the flavour of the period, the whole thing was enormously funny.

That was exactly why it *was* funny. Had the players elaborated its essential absurdity—that is to say, the absurdity of its bygone conventions, for in itself it is quite a good play—the thing would have been tedious after the first ten minutes.

Compare this with those melodramas played in a tent by hard-working celebrities every June at the Theatrical Garden Party. That is the test.

The curious thing is that in the hands of people who know their business, an absurd entertainment can suddenly become serious almost any moment they desire.

Miss Margaretta Scott and Miss Diana Churchill both showed this quality in *The Streets of London*; the latter calmed a tittering audience (who were meant to titter) into the hush which means that in certain quarters tears are not very distant. There was, too, something very real about Mr. Sam Livesey's villainy.

Again, a few nights ago I saw in the northern territories one of Mr. Julian Wylie's best pantomimes, *The Sleeping Beauty*.

It is announced to the Queen that "her" daughter, the beauteous Princess, has pricked her finger on the spinning-wheel and is dead. Mr. G. S. Melvin, the Queen, was in a ridiculous costume and make-up, and had just been setting the house in a roar by doing the most absurd things, for he is the best of "dames."

Yet in a few seconds, he conveyed that he was a bereaved mother, and the sudden silence in that vast audience was in itself a drama. That is because Mr. Melvin knows how to be sincere.

The Acting Problem — Head *versus* Heart: The Burlesque of Sincerity: Film and Pantomime News

PAGE

May I suggest where in the theatre sincerity is least in evidence? In our most fashionable theatres, in our most fashionable (but not always most successful) plays, and among our most fashionable players.

It is here, though there are honourable exceptions that one finds hopelessly slip-shod performances after the first night; private whisperings on the stage; gigglings and the I-don't-think-much-of-this-play, and it-can't-run-very-long-anyway sort of attitude.

And the women are the worst offenders.

I have never believed that there must inevitably be a tussle for supremacy between the films and the theatre. Not only is there room for both; there must of necessity always be both. But the theatre is doing itself harm by allowing insincerity to creep into some of its most prominent portions, for in the films there cannot be insincerity at all.

Some films—many films if you like—are puerile and painful beyond measure. But one does not find insincere performances in them. For one thing, insincerity would be far too expensive with a process costing Heaven-only-knows how much a minute.

A cinema performer, be he as fine an actor as Emil Jannings or as alluring a blonde as Constance Bennett, would be sacked in double quick time if the full measure of work were not done—and done with a good grace.

It is interesting to find that British films made really vast strides last year and that the outlook for 1933 is already more than promising.

To say, as does one authority, that in "mechanical and technical efficiency England is now on a level with the best in Hollywood," is, I think, going rather too far. But there is no doubt that the opening of the new Gaumont-British studios at Shepherd's Bush, as recently as last June, has already accomplished a very great deal in more than one sense.

I am glad that the policy continues to be adhered to of picking on potential British stars, nursing them like babies the moment they show any signs of being worth the trouble, and then going "right out" for them.

Not long ago there was hardly an English studio where a girl, however promising or beautiful, was even taught how to make up properly. No one troubled to photograph her again and again and yet again in order to get the best out of her.

Now all that is changed. British studios are taking the same photographic care of our own girls Hollywood took of Evelyn Laye, whose film with John Boles—*One Awful Night* or some such awful title—was a silly business, but revealed Miss Laye as angelically lovely in a series of the most dazzling photographs of female beauty which have ever burst upon an unbeautiful world.

British and Dominions films are in particular to be congratulated on *Thark*, which was funny, and *Good-Night Vienna*, which was full of unconvincing clap-trap of the post-war Viennese brand (alleged), but was beautifully photographed and produced generally, and made a vast amount of money.

Jack Buchanan, Sydney Howard, and Ralph Lynn, form a strong team here.

This firm also have in hand *Bitter Sweet*. What Noel Coward must be picking up from film rights alone in his plays is enough to make some mere performers envious.

Pantomimes are doing well in the provinces, I gather, and most of them will run at any rate until the first week of February.

This should give provincial managers, or the heads of chains of provincial theatres in solemn conclave assembled in London, time to think over what they should do in the present year if more than a handful of theatres and music-halls other than those in the West-end and the suburbs are to remain open at all.

Lack of policy is the main fault. The experts, if that is the name for them, are in a panic because of thin "houses" during times of unprecedented depression. In the North, particularly, there is precious little money to spend even on the necessaries of life.

The result is, they must rush about wildly from one policy to another. It is not the films that are damaging the provincial theatres; many of the cinema-theatres are themselves doing very badly. The damage is done (apart from economic causes) by blithering the public. This public never knows what its local theatre or music hall is going to do next. One week there is a drama, the next non-stop variety, the next one house a night, the next two houses a night, the next goodness-knows-what.

So a trip to the theatre is only too often given up as a bad job. Silly bungling, this.

AS HOLLYWOOD SEES US! A ducal luncheon with Mr. Henry Mollison as the Duke, and Miss Hermione Baddeley in a fair wig in *Ballyhoo*

MISS NANCY BURNE, the principal soubrette at the Comedy

L'AMOUR: The French lesson in which Mr. Leo Morton plays the professor; Miss Phyllis Clare the pupil

A SATIRE ON NOEL COWARD: One of the amusing numbers in *Ballyhoo*, the new satirical and negroid revue at the Comedy Theatre

NEWS OF THE LONDON STAGE

THE SHILLING THEATRE which has been opened in London proves the initiative of the so often and so unjustly alleged "moribund" stage. West End actors will give their services to the new theatre which is situated in Fulham. Mr. Eric Maturin is seen above with Mr. Teddy Brown looking on while Mr. J. E. Strachey decorates

BOOKS

Sinclair Lewis—a Comet in Letters and Life: A Miner Looks Fairly at Oxford: The Soul of the Elephant

By CECIL ROBERTS

When the Nobel Prize was awarded to Mr. Sinclair Lewis there was a loud cry of protest across the American Continent. Why should Mr. Theodore Dreiser be passed over, a writer of titanic genius, whose achievement was so much more enduring, so much truer to the American scene? Moreover, Mr. Lewis was a young man, a very impatient, rude, young man who had done nothing but guy his native land and make it appear ridiculous to the whole world. Had he not given a word to the vocabulary that was derisive of the great American people? You had only to call a man "a Babbitt" and you stamped him with the mentality of a Rotarian living in Main Street in some Middle West town.

Also, Mr. Lewis had made a monstrous attack upon religion. In *Elmer Gantry* the occupants of a thousand pulpits had been pilloried as men in whom religion, sex, and sensation were inextricably mixed. He had assailed the Puritan tradition of America. Then, in *Dodsworth*, he had turned to the business man and shown him to be a great boob, an overgrown schoolboy with a cheque-book, who roamed Europe at the behest of the American Express Company. No, Mr. Sinclair was no credit to his country. He was not 100 per cent. American. He was a noisy explosive who disintegrated everything he touched.

One day in a quiet country house in Surrey a car drew up and out of it stepped a tall, red-headed fellow, with a thin-featured face, a weak mouth, and restless eyes. He walked into my host's study, and without troubling to attune himself to his surroundings began to talk with vehemence about himself, about England, about Europe, about everything and everybody, that left us breathless. We were not asked to contribute anything to this survey of the world and his wife. The avalanche of words, of vivid observations, of biting sarcasm, of lyric rapture, never ceased for one minute in that hour and a half during which we suffered the deluge. The red-headed playboy of the Western world was not interested in his host, a distinguished man of letters, was scarcely aware of his charming hostess, and was completely oblivious to the half-dozen guests. He came, he talked, and he went, leaving behind him a void of silence.

We all gasped. So this was Sinclair Lewis.

"And did you once see Shelley plain?" quoted a guest. The quotation was not inappropriate. I think Shelley must have possessed something of this fierce obsession with the importance of his own ideas. We found, on reflection, that we had enjoyed the swift intrusion of this intellectual comet into our quiet atmosphere; on further reflection we found the quality of intellect had been notable. He had stirred us. Like a motor launch over a placid lake, he had left us seething in his wake. His advent, his departure, so swift and unconventional, had not stunned us; it had energized us. This fellow, an object of self-combustion, would soon consume himself. He could not last at that rate.

All this happened some years ago. I found the same distressed wake of public opinion wherever he had passed in the United States. At a small town in Wisconsin his name provoked a frenzied outburst. He had troubled its waters in his youth. A village in Indiana called down a consuming fire upon that overheated head which had libelled its most distinguished crank. He treated England, once he had left its shores, to a withering outburst. We had been lacking in hospitality. Something had offended his vanity. But he came back again, quite certain he would have a pleasant reception. He was right. This time he was received as a conqueror. He immediately abdicated his throne, took a caravan, and explored the English countryside, praised our scenery and courtesy, flayed our innkeepers and food.

There is no sign in his new novel, *Ann Vickers* (Cape. 7s. 6d.), that the flame is dying down. This book is restless, turbulent, from the first page to the last. It is concerned, for the first time in Sinclair Lewis's work, with the career of a young woman. We see her in all phases, the captive woman, the free woman, the great woman, the feminist woman, the domestic woman, the passionate woman, the cosmopolitan woman, the village woman and, lastly, merely the woman, happily though not officially married.

"They came to Pirate's Head, and she loved him so very much that even she spared him, for this evening, the duty of admiring her built-in bookcases, her linens, the painted furniture. Till the late moon rose they sat outside, close-clasped, and they were so sure of life that they could be silent."

Ann Vickers, according to conventional standards, would be termed a bad girl. She fell in love with a village lad and then dismissed him. She fell in love with her professor and rejected his overtures because he was so true to type. Then she became a reformer in a country where humanity is docketed in Kalamazoo ledgers and Puritan professors, with a background of German psychology and an obsession with Freud, poke about in the recesses of the human mind.

COMMANDER DE BLUNT whose book on elephant is reviewed below

MR. SINCLAIR LEWIS who has drawn with brilliant success a female Babbitt

Ann went to a settlement and worked. Then she fell in love with a young Jew from Minnesota University who had enlisted in the army to save civilization. He left her in the usual way and provided Mr. Lewis with the opportunity of being modern and giving the Middle West a shock. For Ann went to her settlement warden, who was a doctor. There is a scene in an American cottage that seems to have come straight out of a Bolshevik abortorium.

The pace never slackens. Ann rushes from experience to experience. All the claptrap of social welfare, of feminism, of political freedom follows. We hear confession in cells, touch raw life, see vividly the inequalities of life. Mr. Sinclair Lewis sweeps civilization like a searchlight. He lights up a section, hovers, sweeps on. He can only disturb the darkness. Life to him is an inexplicable panorama. But he is an honest, brutal observer.

"She had learned from such itinerant bards as Mr. Gilbert K. Chesterton that all British establishments for the sale of beer were bristling with melody, laughter, jocund signboards, and conversation about sunsets. She wanted to behold these shrines. She noticed shawled women dribbling into a pub. on Tooley Street; the *Boar and Bull* it was called, but it might more reasonably have been called the *Cold Pork and Boiled Beef;* the barmaid was a tight-lipped, tight-haired lady of sixty, who kept polishing the same glass, as though she had a grudge against it. In front of the bar were two venerable dames with shawls and aprons, and an undersized gentleman with a scarf for collar."

Thus Mr. Chesterton's romantic *Inn.* This book has no order. It rushes from place to place, emotion to emotion, but there is not a dull page in it. Mr. Lewis thinks Ann Vickers is a vital young lady. I think she is a female Babbitt. She is at the mercy of every catch phrase. Her innumerable love affairs proceed from one bounder to another. It is part of Mr. Lewis's singular gift that he can hold us with a heroine in whom there is nothing admirable save her vitality. She rushes in, she rushes out. She leaves behind her a confused silence, such as Mr. Lewis left on that memorable day in a Surrey house.

Mr. Roger Dataller obtained a Miners' Welfare Scholarship and went to Oxford to take a degree course in history. He kept a diary, not of events, but of impressions, and he has called it *A Pitman Looks at Oxford.* (Dent. 5s.)

It is a book of absolute honesty, in which a mind, singularly balanced and gifted with expression, views Oxford with a courageous freshness I have not encountered anywhere else. Every page of this delightful book rewards the reader. It passes quietly from the lyric note to acute criticism. It is free from class consciousness, and yet it examines an Oxford unseen by those who have gained its portals through the conventional course. From the age of thirteen until he entered the University, Mr. Dataller was in turn a bottle-washer in a mineral factory, a carter, steel worker, and for eight years a colliery timekeeper.

He is deeply attached to his own people. His loyalty remains intact throughout his experience in a world of comparative luxury. He is seldom bitter, he is never servile. His contact with the public school spirit occasionally invokes resentment against social arrogance, and his examples certainly justify this resentment, but it would be false to give an impression that Mr. Dataller went to Oxford looking for injustices in the social fabric. He is mellowed by its spirit, conscious of much kindness. He sees the blindness which accompanies ignorance. His eager mind omitted no experience. He goes to religious and political gatherings, to tea parties and at homes. He touches a great number of subjects, with a pen sharp in its etching powers, and a critical eye. The writing often attains considerable beauty.

He is a little caustic when he observes the Union in debate. These are children with no experience, playing at the House of Commons. They debate economic subjects with complete ignorance of reality. "What did these people know about it anyway? Adequately housed, well fed, and with money to squander, the pathos with which they were seeking to invest their voices resounded emptily—sounding brass and tinkling cymbal." The incessant, ineffectual mental experimentation of a G. D. H. Cole saddens him with a sense of futility. Oxford is a backwater that nothing really stirs. "An inability to indulge in sophisticated conversation need not signify that hopeless ignorance we are wont to conclude. What we do leave out of consideration is the quality of a valid experience." He finds Dean Inge, under cross-examination, a shirker of reality who deplores democratic government. Pinned down, he has no alternative to offer. This is a sincere, fine-spirited book, worthy of careful reading.

The plural of elephant is elephant. These fascinating animals have held my attention from the day when I visited a zoo and cried to ride one. Dignified, mysterious, wrapped about in strange legends, of all the animals of the wild they have held my affection. And now comes a glorious elephant book by a man who has lived in intimate contact with them. *Elephant*, by Commander David Enderby Blunt (East Africa. 12s. 6d.). I was at first prejudiced against Commander Blunt. He appeared one of those fatuous creatures who pay large sums of money to go out with a gun and end an inglorious day with a puny body strutting, rifle in hand, over the fallen carcase of a noble animal.

How I hate those knobbly-kneed "sportsmen" with their Kodaked courage! But Commander Blunt had justification, and he never struts. His mission was to shoot and punish raiding elephant. It is clear that he loves and understands this noble animal. He is steeped in the lore of the elephant. He tells one how it walks across the beds of rivers with its trunk just above the water, how it can swim magnificently, and yet can be easily capsized and drowned. An elephant can store away ten gallons of water which remains fresh and pure. He does his courting with his trunk, and wallops his offspring with it. The natives of Central Africa make blankets out of the lining of the elephant's stomach.

Ivory is cheaper in London than on the Ivory Coast. Consumption of ivory has fallen. Until 1890 the yearly consumption was around 500 tons, which meant the death of some 70,000 elephants. Now the consumption is around 200 tons. Ivory is no longer wanted for piano keys. Strange how the playing of Czerny's *Hundred and One Exercises* was associated with the slaughter in the African jungle.

Elephant, when lying down, like to use anthills for pillows. They can live 150 years. They travel hundreds of miles to obtain salt, and love sugar-cane. Their eyesight is extremely bad, and very little use.

They walk entirely by scent and touch. This book is full of strange and delightful facts. Commander Blunt knows the native as well as the elephant. "The wild East African savage is like a man of independent means. He attends all the big functions, carnivals, cocktail parties, balls and hunts, and does as little work as he possibly can. He flirts with the little Swahili vamps." This delightful and original book is well illustrated.

BOOKS TO READ

WITH A PASSPORT AND TWO EYES, by V. C. Buckley (Hutchinson. 12s. 6d.). A vivid panorama by a fresh mind and a quick eye.

LIFE STORY OF J. H. THOMAS, by Basil Fuller (Stanley Paul. 10s. 6d.). Jim quick, Jim slick, but never Jim jammed.

GORDON, an intimate portrait by H. E. Wortham (Harrap. 12s. 6d.). A full dress study of a man sacrificed by statesmanship.

AN AMAZING JOURNEY, by Maurice Dumesnil (Jarrolds. 12s. 6d.). More Isadora Duncan revelations.

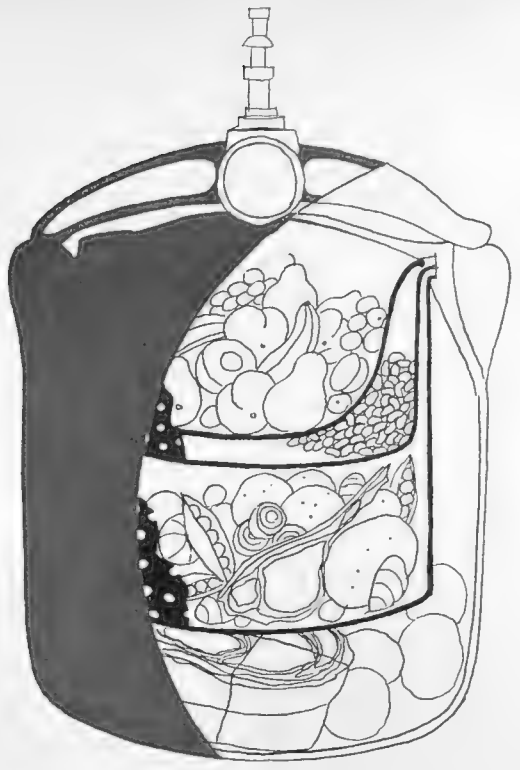
FIVE THREE-ACT PLAYS. Foreword by W. G. Fay (Rich and Cowan. 5s.).

MANDOA! MANODA! by Winifred Holtby (Collins. 7s. 6d.). A witty satire without a heroine.

WITCH'S CAULDRON, by Eden Phillpotts (Hutchinson. 7s. 6d.).

QUEEN VICTORIA, by Arthur Ponsonby (Duckworth. 2s.).

The publication of The Street of the Sandalmakers, *reviewed in* The Sphere *January 14, has been postponed to April 3.*



D. Todd's Section

attractive labour-saving devices make modern woman kitchen conscious

THE Easiwork building in Tottenham Court Road was the culmination of ten years' concentrated effort to improve domestic conditions by gathering to one centre (there to be seen and demonstrated) all that was best in labour-saving equipment. The originators of this business consider that the kitchen being the workshop of the home should have pride of place in any furnishing scheme.

Mr. Crow, Managing Director, early sought the co-operation of Raymond McGrath, the brilliant young modern architect, who recently achieved an outstanding success in connection with the British Broadcasting premises. The decoration of the new Easiwork building was designed to embody a variety of modern tendencies in relation to a saner consideration of the problem of living to-day. That better domestic conditions may be achieved by intelligent use of new materials and methods has been irrefutably proved.

The building has five floors devoted to scientific domestic equipment, which embraces the entire requirements of any normal home. Kitchens fully equipped at varying prices, decorated in a restful and attractive manner, are a speciality. An ingenious space-saving one-room-flat, fully furnished, may be seen on the third floor. A drawing of the unique Easiwork pressure cooker appears above.

COMFORT AND RATIONAL LIVING DICTATE THE NEW STYLES

No. 18 Berkeley Square, pictured on these pages, shows the simple and rational treatment of an old house recently modernized by Arundell Clarke. Here a certain beauty of proportion in the original architectural scheme considerably lightened the designer's task. (The necessity of creating a new proportion where none existed before is otherwise exacting although, perhaps, more frequent.)

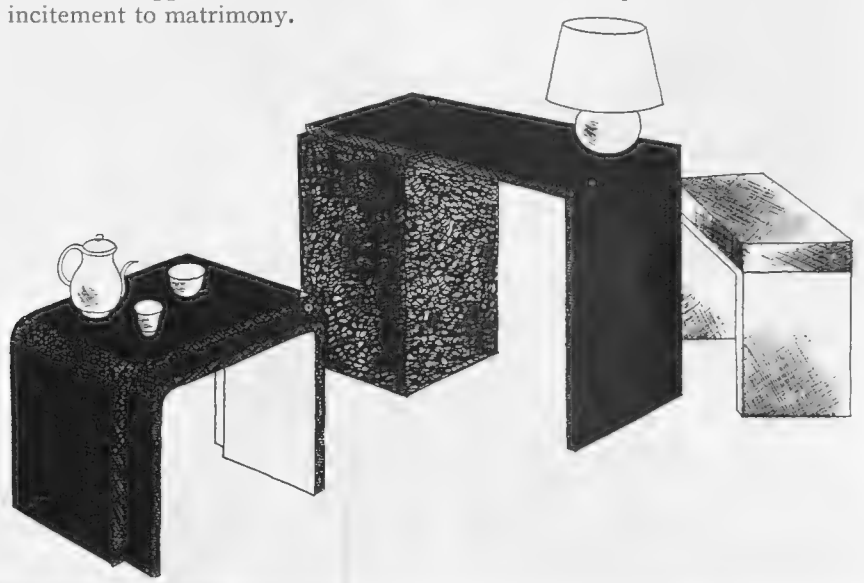
From the basis of a good structural background, the scheme of the larger drawing-room, shown on this page, quite naturally evolved. The cornice was removed to give height, also, of course, because its design was inappropriate for a modern setting. The unrelieved whiteness of the walls gives height and space. And much of its impressive character is inherent in the lighting of this room.

Certain Continental architects, noticeably Gabriel Guévrekian, have deplored the limitations of electric lighting in its current application to the home, contrasting the greater richness and variety of its use in the theatre. We may expect to see considerable development of the whole theory of lighting in course of time. In the meanwhile, such a method as confronts us here represents a marked advance not only in the direction of comfort, but also towards a new æsthetic significance. The lighting in this instance is projected from the floor to the ceiling, which further accentuates that impression of height which gives this room at night something akin to Gothic dignity. Its diffused glow contributes to the general amenity of this harmonious scheme wherein white furniture, set against white walls, contrives a perfect background for the modern woman, thus fulfilling that "fitness for purpose" which stands out among the slogans of the modern school.

AUSTERE BEAUTY RESULTS FROM SUITABILITY TO FUNCTION

Mantelpieces are out of place in a good modern room since they serve no essential purpose and detract from the significance of structural form. They harbour dust, and ornaments can be displayed to better advantage behind glass in recesses set back in (not projecting from) the wall. On this page we feature a corner of the back drawing-room, which was designed to suggest the Riviera. The walls are sun-tan, the settee is beach colour, a blue cocktail bar suggests the sea, and a Ferranti sun fire casts its rays from the ceiling. A rug by Francis Bacon is on the floor. Such rooms preclude the hanging of pictures but show to their best advantage modern sculpture and good modern rugs.

In the dining-room (page 94) modern furniture has been introduced against a traditional background. And much modern furniture is, in fact, sold by Arundell Clarke to be used in such a way. "My types," this designer contends, "may be combined with many *period* styles." His now nationally celebrated arm-chair, best shown in the picture below, not only represents the acme of modern comfort but is not expensive . . . its low price was indeed responsible for the suggestion that the Arundell Clarke shop window is a recognized incitement to matrimony.



A WILDERNESS OF SAND: A view of the Sahara, with a clump of palms marking an oasis in the foreground—typical of the scenery passed by those who approach the Tanezrouft

A DASH Across the TANEZROUFT

The Story of a Young Swedish Girl's Adventurous Journey from Nairobi to Algiers

By HERBERT L. MATTHEWS

From Nairobi in British East Africa, across the French Congo and the Sahara Desert to Algiers, driving an ordinary sports car, in less than a month's time, is at the least an astonishing feat, even in these days when daring journeys in odd corners of the world have ceased to be novelties. That the feat should have been accomplished by a pretty young Swedish girl because someone had the effrontery to say women were good for nothing better than to drink cocktails and dance, and was willing to wager a bet upon it, has added a quality of astonishment to the reception of the news in Europe, which is making more than a nine-days' wonder.

One has only to look at the map and use a modicum of imagination to realize that Mrs. Eva Dickson, in accepting the bet and starting her journey, had about as much chance of arriving at her destination safe and sound and on time as the proverbial snowball in the underworld. But only a few days ago she could sit in the bar of a famous hotel on the Champs Élysées in Paris, talk about it as if it were nothing, and (with a clear conscience this time) sip a cocktail.

It is, in fact, the nonchalance with which the feat was accomplished that has confounded the most hardened travellers of the French capital. There are many men here connected with the African colonial service for years who know the Sahara and its dangers. Few of them have crossed it, except in the elaborately-equipped Trans-Saharan buses which run fortnightly at best, and by no means always successfully. That it is one of the most pitiless wildernesses on the face of the earth, particularly where the route crosses the dreaded Tanezrouft—the "Land of Thirst"—is a commonplace of everyone's knowledge. One simply doesn't get into a little car and drive across it as if it were Salisbury Plain. At least, it was not done before Mrs. Dickson blithely undertook the task.

MRS. EVA DICKSON, a society woman of Stockholm, drove her car solo from Kenya to Algiers in twenty-seven days, accompanied only by a black servant

The trip across the Sahara, moreover, was only a part of the whole journey, and Mrs. Dickson insists it was by no means the most difficult part—Tanezrouft or no Tanezrouft—thereby again confounding the true and tried Saharan experts. But those who know the desert, and those who know human nature and the innocently misleading impressions which arise from genuine modesty, will continue to have their doubts. The story of that dash across the Tanezrouft, for instance, simple and short though it be, certainly has many elements of heroism in it.

Mrs. Dickson was dashing across it as fast as she could for more reasons than the fact that the quicker that dreadful waste was put behind her the better. The bet, which was made in Nairobi on November 17, was that she would not be able to motor to Algiers in thirty driving days—days of repairs or enforced idleness not to count. She bought a brand-new Chevrolet six-cylinder sports car, with ordinary "heavy duty" tyres. There was no extra equipment for petrol or repairs. She never took more than the amount of food and drink necessary for the particular stage of the journey before her. Her clothes consisted of shirts and trousers, socks and stout shoes—simply the sort of outfit she had been using on the hunting trip which was abandoned for this venture.

For handyman and escort, in a mild and ineffective way, a devoted black boy, Hassam Ali, willing, but not too intelligent, was taken along.

The story of that stretch of the journey between Nairobi and Gao, on the edge of the Sahara, is a long and thrilling one in itself. What Mrs. Dickson meant when she said the French Congo was more difficult to cross than the desert, may be guessed from one of the incidents which befell her.

One day in the heart of the French Congo, just beyond Archambault, the poor excuse of a road that she had been ploughing through suddenly stopped at one of the innumerable rivers which flow through that district. There had been a bridge, but floods had carried it away. No other road could be taken because that was the only one, and the bet was very clearly to the effect that the car had to be driven to Algiers.

Mrs. Dickson drove back to the nearest settlement, hired two horses, one for Hassam and one for herself, went back to the river, plunged in and swam across. Then followed an almost uninterrupted ride of 75 miles, lasting two days, to the nearest French military outpost. The emotions of the gallant colonel in charge on having a beautiful, though by that time no doubt weary and bedraggled young white girl ride up to his settlement and ask him to build a bridge for her may better be imagined than described. The plea, needless to say, was more than French chivalry could resist. The next day the Colonel put a small matter of 900 natives to the task of rebuilding the bridge, and completed it in record time.

Mrs. Dickson made the two-day ride back and over the bridge to where her car had been left, got into it again, and drove across the new bridge toward Gao, where she arrived on December 18. It was just a month since she had left Nairobi. Waiting no longer than was necessary to fill up with petrol Mrs. Dickson was off.

The journey which faced her between Gao and Reggan was one so fraught with dangers that the Algerian Government's "Code Saharien de la Route" actually forbids any rash individual making it without the greatest precautions, and above all, alone.

Five hundred kilometres without the hope of a drop of water or meeting a human being, except when the Trans-Saharan bus comes through on its rare trips; broiling hot days and glacially cold nights; ground where now the wheels whirl uselessly in deep sand and now bump over sharp rocks that at any moment might cut through tyres—these and many other dangers and inconveniences await the traveller who braves the Tanezrouft.

That is why General Meynier, director of the Territoires du Sud, has ordered, in the first place, that automobiles must have a guide, or a chauffeur used to the peculiarities of Saharan driving; that automobiles must be specially prepared with means to cool water, to protect the machinery from sand, and purify the air, oil, and petrol. Above all, it is stated, cars must not voyage alone.

Such being the case one can only wonder what General Meynier would have thought of the rather pathetic outfit which left Gao to cross the Tanezrouft. There was the now battered Chevrolet, as innocent of any special preparation as the day it left the factory. There were no provisions for any more petrol, water, and food than were absolutely necessary if all went well. There was Hassam Ali, as willing and faithful as ever. And there was Mrs. Dickson, clad in trousers and a shirt (because she had heard the desert was hot), not quite sure of directions and distances, but determined to get where she was going, or die in the attempt.

Gao, it will be remembered, is on the left bank of the Niger, about 400 miles below Timbuktû. The route to Reggan—a matter of some 810 miles—is directly north. The going is fairly easy to Tabankort, 119 miles away, on the edge of the Tanezrouft. Tabankort is a tiny fortress, with one French officer and a squad of men. They were hospitable, of course, but extremely sceptical of Mrs. Dickson's success.

Nevertheless, off she went at three in the morning with 200 litres of petrol to make the 375 mile dash to Bidon 5. The road beyond Tabankort was extremely difficult—rough and stony in most parts, treacherously sandy in others. A short way out there was a fork in the trail, one direction marked "New Route," the other "Old Route." On general principles Mrs. Dickson chose the new, but after driving 30 kilometres found that it trailed off into nothing, so had to turn back, losing precious time and even more precious petrol.

The real route was marked every 10 kilometres with indications for the airplanes making the Trans-Saharan journey. There were also empty petrol cans, thrown at various times from the buses, and the ruts of these charabancs, which remain in that dry air for months at a time. Finally, at regular intervals, there are the various Bidons, running from 0 to 13. They are supposedly canteens consisting of reservoirs for water and petrol, but except for Bidon 5 they are quite deserted and serve for nothing but mileposts.

Mrs. Dickson found the going extremely heavy. Again and again the car sank helplessly in the sand, whereupon she and Hassam got out, deflated the tyres, put metal sheets under the wheels, and struggled on to firmer ground.

Before the journey had been well under way, a band of a dozen nomads on camels were found blocking the road, and Mrs. Dickson, remembering with sinking feelings what they had told her at Tabankort, decided that her bet, and possibly her life, were alike forfeit. But, for whatever reason, they let her go through unmolested.

A whole day and night had passed since leaving Gao, the night having been a desperately cold one with Mrs. Dickson suffering keenly from lack of warm clothing. The trip had been fatiguing and nerve-wracking, and at 3 p.m. retribution came in swift and terrible form. Mrs. Dickson describes it as a sudden return of malaria, but whatever it was it left her delirious and virtually unconscious, with a stalled auto, until midnight. That her trip and her life did not end there is simply another tribute, not only to her courage, but to her stamina

(Continued on p. 100)

FRENCH SIX-WHEELERS and the closed buses carrying passengers and mail for Timbuktu crossing the Tanezrouft leave their tracks—for a time—until they are covered by a sandstorm. Then the small car is apt to lose its way

SOCIETY

A HUNT BALL IN THE WEST END OF LONDON: Guests at the United Hunts Ball which took place last week at the Savoy Hotel. In the group above are Captain Tony Graves, the Hon. Mrs. John Russell, and Mr. L. Preston, Joint Master of the South Oxon Drag Hounds

AT THE 19th HOLE: A group of guests at the Stage Golfing Ball held last week at the Savoy Hotel

MISS DAWN GOLD, daughter of Mr. Harcourt Gold, the well-known Oxford rowing Blue, whose engagement to Mr. Henry George Coats Illingworth is announced

SOME DISTINGUISHED VISITORS at the United Hunts Ball at the Savoy. *Left to right*—Miss Baltivala, the Princess of Nepal, the Prince of Nepal, and Mr. David taken on their arrival. This is the only Hunt Ball to be held in the metropolis

Above—"CLAUDE PRESCOTT," whose exhibition of paintings is being held at the Foyle Art Gallery. She is the wife of Mr. Charles Spencer

Left—MISS MARY BUCHANAN waiting for the start at a children's meet of the Whaddon Chase held at Mentmore, near Tring

DETECTING THE LOST: Mrs. Agatha Christie, the mystery novelist, who is accompanying her husband, Mr. Mallowan, on his expedition to Northern Iraq in his search for a lost civilization said to have existed over 6,000 years ago. Mr. and Mrs. Mallowan are shown leaving their home

FRIDAY, THE 13th: Miss Cora Goffin, who is playing the part of Principal Boy in *Mother Goose* at Daly's, is evidently not superstitious, for her marriage to Mr. Emile Littler, manager of Birmingham Repertory Theatre, took place on Friday, 13th

A POUND A DAY DOG: "Pat," one of the pack of terrier pets owned by Mrs. A. Gundry of Goring, was still living last week despite an order for its death by the Caversham magistrates. It attacked a policeman and a fine of £5 was imposed with a forfeit of £1 a day until "Pat" is destroyed

THE PETROL WORLD

On left—
WINTER TOURING: An Austin "Light Twelve-Four" Saloon de Luxe on the rolling moors of Yorkshire, where mist is the only drawback to glorious runs

Not so long ago Mr. H. G. Wells in a broadcast talk suggested that this country in particular, and humanity in general, would be well advised to institute schools or colleges of Foresight. Perhaps his hearers considered this advice somewhat foolish, but Mr. Wells has built up a reputation for being a very accurate prophet, and seems to be the only outstanding figure who could possibly occupy the senior professor's chair in his proposed college. Although we may not go so far as is suggested, there is plenty of useful work for a Government official whose sole duty would be to overhaul all bills and all developments in the country so as to make certain that whatever happened in the shape of alterations or additions would fit in with what he considered would be the future requirements. To show how necessary it is that such work should be undertaken let me give a few examples of the obviously absurd things which the Government have done so badly in the last year or two. At great expense to motor car users certain land has been bought for the purposes of building new arterial and by-pass roads. That has been done according to plan, and in the great majority of instances we now motor over these roads. But if there had been a Minister of Foresight he would have seen that powers were taken in Parliament also to purchase with our money a fairly wide ribbon of land on each side of that intended for the actual road. By so doing he would have resold that portion farthest removed from the actual road so that houses might have been built, but the front doors of these would not have looked on to the new by-pass. Had that been done the Government could have afforded to reduce our annual licence fees considerably for the following year, and our new road would have been what it was intended it should be, namely, a by-pass.

Taking the Kingston by-pass and the South-end arterial road as two examples I can truthfully say that motoring along these will shortly entail just as anxious work to the driver as if he were motoring along any busy suburban road with its children, its tradesmen's carts, its motor buses, and its cross-roads.

My next example has no direct bearing on motoring, but it will illustrate the point I wish to drive home. I know a certain aerodrome in this country where the authorities have decided to erect high tension electric cables on tall pylons within half a mile of the actual landing ground. Whilst the authorities will listen to everyone who has an objection to raise, they apparently must not offend a local council who thinks that an overhead wire is not so picturesque as any of the advertisement hoardings which they permit to be erected in their district. The authorities must also not offend anyone who has a recreation ground, nor will it do to run along the edge of a private park, as a pylon or a wire might be seen from the study window. Now although there is an Air Ministry official recommendation that no such electric cable should be placed within one mile of an aerodrome, in the particular instance I mention all the other people concerned were allowed to have their way and the cables are now cutting the Air Ministry's suggestion in half. Everyone but those connected with the aerodrome is immensely pleased, but my phantom Minister of Foresight would have stepped in in this case because he would have seen quite clearly that before many years have passed the pylons and the cables near that aerodrome will have to be removed and placed farther away at a time when the surrounding country may be more densely built upon, so that the alteration of position may not be so easy as it is at the moment.

If any of us allow our brains to think for a few moments we can probably recall many more instances where a Minister of Foresight would have saved us a lot of money and quite a lot of inconvenience. Who, for instance, permitted the new Lambeth Bridge to be built carrying a road about 30 ft. in width. If the bridge is required at all for road traffic it will most assuredly have to be altered in five or ten years' time so as to take the volume of traffic that will desire to travel over it.

Of course this need of a Minister of Foresight is not a new one by any means. How many towns to-day regret their stupidity and lack of foresight in the past when they absolutely refused to allow the railways to pass right through them? Their lack of foresight has cost them thousands, if not millions, of pounds and in some instances has actually converted what was once a prosperous urban district into a sleepy country village. If we cannot have a Minister of Foresight all our national and local officials should be sent to a College such as Mr. Wells suggested. The number of prospective pupils is almost terrifying to contemplate but even if a fraction of those who should have a course were able to attend, the whole country would benefit, and whatever money was spent in establishing the institution the taxpayers would, I am sure, gladly supply it.

THE BLUE BIRD IN FLIGHT: Sir Malcolm Campbell chats to his chief mechanic, Mr. Villa, after his great car had been safely deposited at Povey Cross (where it will go via Southampton to Daytona) by Messrs. Pickford Ltd.

Quite recently the Royal Aero Club unveiled a portrait of Lord Wakefield of Hythe in their Club. This picture has been hung in the Royal Aero Club as the Committee felt that it would be the unanimous wish of their members to have such a portrait in view of the great services rendered to the Club and to British aviation by Lord Wakefield. It seems a pity to me that the Royal Automobile Club or the British Motor Trade does not do something similar because, if anything, Lord Wakefield's services to motoring are even greater than those to aviation.

A. Percy Bradley
(Clerk of the Course, Brooklands)

TALKING FOR TELEVISION

Mr. Fred Douglas at the Televisor

I am still all hot and bothered—eight hours after it all happened. I had agreed to give from Baird Television Studios an "Illustrated Talk on Cricket" on Thursday morning and had reserved Wednesday night for learning by heart my eight-minute discourse, roughly 1,000 words. Then, at very short notice, I was asked to appear a day early, with precious little time to study my effort. One is told to appear at the studio half-an-hour before the commencement of the performance—ready made up.

Ready made up? That was easy—I borrowed a stick of blue grease paint with which I obliterated the red on my lips—and, out of compliment to an old friend, marked on my forehead a beautiful pair of George Robey eyebrows. Then followed a hurried glance at my manuscript. With five minutes to go we "artistes"—two ladies, another man and myself—were ushered into the studio, absolutely dark save for regularly intermittent 2-in. rays of light which flickered on to a screen in front of which we each had to stand to do our bit.

The studio manager was very comforting. He told us soothingly "Don't let the light bother you—of course, if it *isn't* bothering you, you are not in the picture, but don't let it bother you!" A tiny red light goes in and out half-a-dozen times, then stays red.

A Television Broadcast: Mr. and Mrs. Mollison before the visual "mike"

We're off! My turn comes last, so I stand in the darkness for 22 minutes watching the others. There is little air: ventilation might introduce sound. My collar begins to feel tight. I try to remember my opening sentence. "Now that the sun is well up in the heavens," then suddenly recollect it is raining hard. While I tried to frame a decent opening remark I heard my name announced and, cricket-bag in hand, stepped up to the platform on which was marked my range of action—about 4 ft. square.

Well, I unpacked the bag, and talked a bit, fetched out a bat and made some strokes—found myself getting interested and forgot all about time. Suddenly it occurred to me that I must have been talking for nearly half-an-hour, so I decided to close. I had prepared rather a telling peroration. Could I bring it to mind? I most certainly could *not!* But I managed to finish off somehow—the announcer quietly added "that concludes our performance," and up went the lights.

As we went out the studio manager—who had gone into another room to see how the "show" registered on their television set—was enthusiastic about one of my movements (action is wanted all the time). He said "it was most effective when you paused, put your hand to your forehead, and then came out with a bright remark."

What had actually happened was that I was surreptitiously endeavouring to wipe from my forehead a few of the heavy beads of perspiration which would keep forming. Call it stage-fright, call it nervousness, call it over-anxiety to please, call it what you like, televising is an ordeal. As I said — it all happened eight hours ago and I am still all hot and bothered.

A. E. Lawton
(Former Derbyshire Cricket Captain)

A masked figure televising: The use of so striking a make-up is a valuable adjunct to modern television, as yet in its infancy

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Sir Malcolm Campbell in the 'Field'

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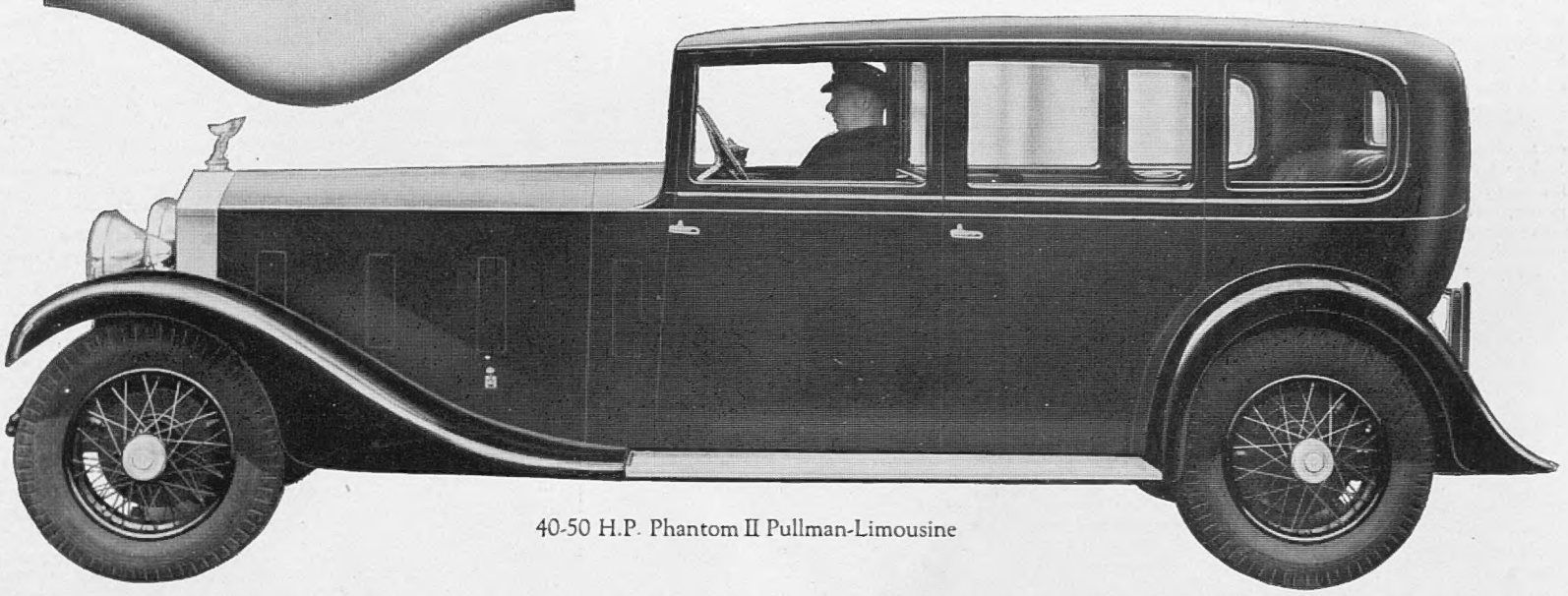

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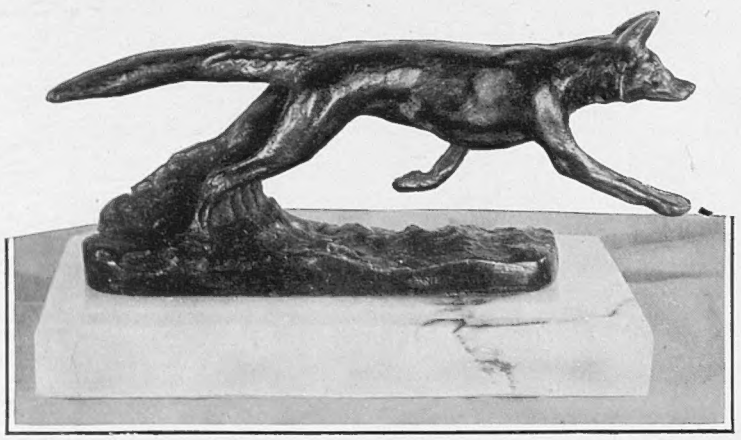

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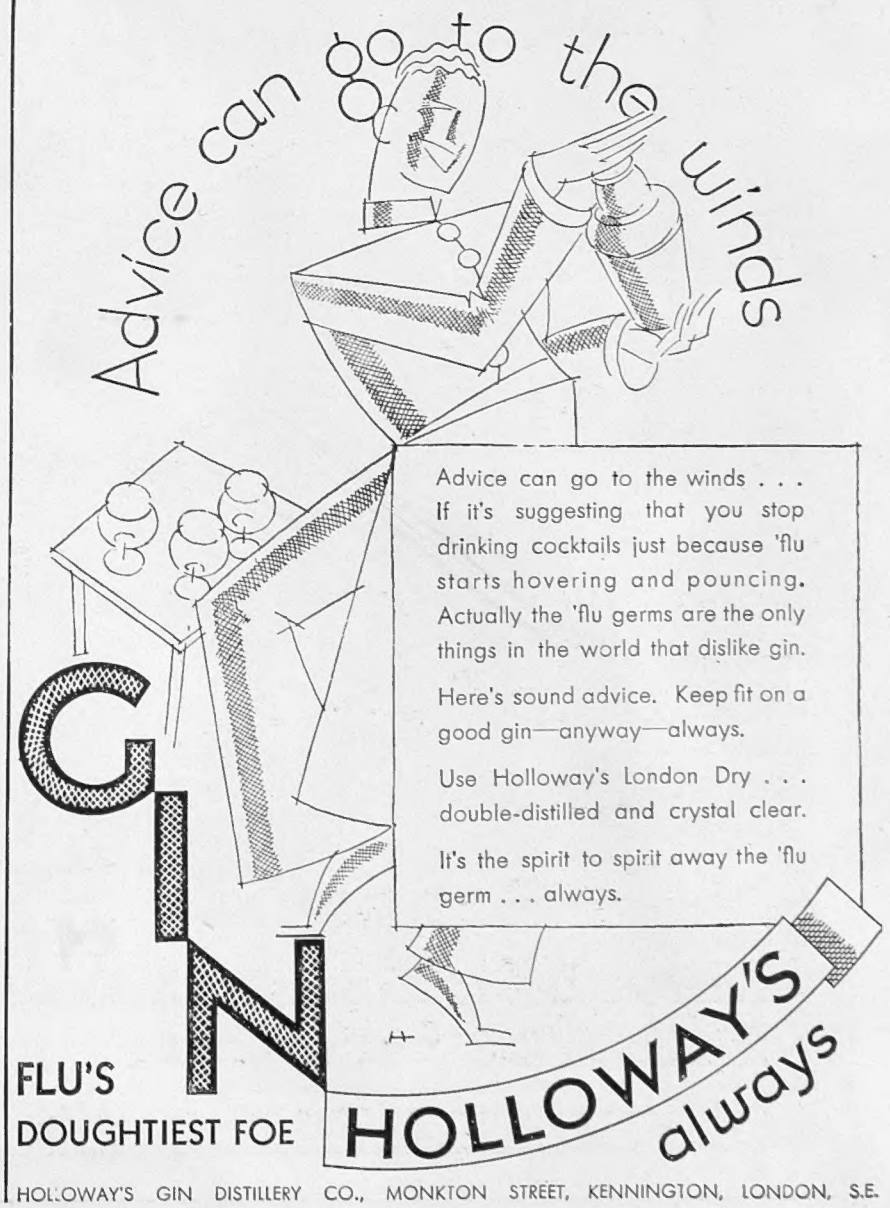

SECRETS OF THE ZUIDER ZEE

(Continued from p. 85)

out in the Wieringermeer polder have uncovered the foundations of some of these villages, and have made it possible to guess with reasonable chance of accuracy at the form and extent of the north part of Holland in the early Middle Ages.

The researches have also been of great value in showing the earliest attempts at dyke-making in Holland, and, by the yield of potsherds, have provided important material for the study of the chronology of medieval pottery, which hitherto was very little known. The pottery has always been of assistance in dating the age of the settlements along the lake and the period of their disappearance beneath the sea. The oldest of the excavated villages which can be dated with certainty are those of the ninth and tenth centuries, and their final extinction must have taken place not later than the twelfth century.

Under normal circumstances the excavations would be simple and the yield abundant. The bed of the Weiringermeer proved, however, to be of a muddy substance, which has shifted in enormous quantities, breaking up and distributing widely the vestiges of settlements. Wood-built wells have fortunately remained in situ, and these have proved to be treasure-chests of potsherds, which have been gathered in vast numbers and put together in their original form, making one of the richest and most significant pottery finds of recent years.

The impossibility of finding the complete foundations of a village along the banks of the former Weiringer Lake was a great disappointment to the excavators, but a lucky find in the vicinity of Nieuwesluis, a trifle to the north, solved the problem of how the villages were built, and gave a complete idea of how the settlements in this part of Holland were constructed during the Romanesque period. The foundations of this settlement date from the tenth–eleventh centuries, and bear strong resemblance to excavated settlements in certain German districts. The houses were built of wood and clay and set deep into the ground, and each was separated from the other by small turf dykes.

In some cases these settlements must have been almost large enough to be a small town, and it is therefore very surprising that no other records of their existence are available. What has been unearthed so far is, of course, too little to give the history of these places in detail, but they show the style of their construction, the state of civilization which prevailed in the area and, above all, the origin of the highly complicated and technical form of dyke-making which the Dutch, out of their great need to prevent any further inflow of the sea, and over many centuries, have perfected. R. E.

WHERE ROME'S CITIZENS TROD

(Continued from p. 88)

At a meeting-place of roads within the southern half of the town had been erected a triumphal arch, perhaps akin to the Arch of Titus at Rome; and of the shops and houses that lay beyond something is now known. The period of prosperity (in the ten acres under excavation) was clearly the second century, when private houses were equipped with mosaic floors ranging in artistic quality from intricate geometrical design to figure-subjects of considerable vigour. A large house found last year included an elaborate Turkish bath. One of its floors, some 30 by 20 ft., remains intact above the basement central-heating system.

The weight of the floor is carried mostly upon blocks of masonry; a ten-foot channel leads below it from the furnace room at basement level to a central compartment where brick pillars, corbelled out with larger bricks, support the mosaic. From this central compartment a diagonal channel formerly fed the heat to each corner of the room, where brick flue-pipes carried it upwards through the thickness of the walls. This part of the house has been preserved beneath a large shed, and will be open to visitors next summer.

From rubbish-pits (for the Romans were tidy folk) have come many of the unconsidered trifles of everyday life—brooches, rings, slender glass beakers, cut-glass bowls, coins and pottery from dining-room and kitchen alike. Here and there comes a more personal hint of ownership where a wine flagon or porridge bowl bears scratched upon it a name.

Cæsar, Cassivellaunus, Tasciovanus, Boadicea—the great names of history are thus tentatively brought into relation with excavated evidence. If the ascriptions be valid, then it would seem as though the digging-up of history was beginning to be something of a reality.

T. V. Wheeler *(Wife of the Keeper of the London Museum and one of the co-directors of the Verulamium excavations).*

A DASH ACROSS THE TANEZROUFT

(Continued from p. 96)

for somehow she was able to pull herself together, and drive on to Bidon 5, arriving with three litres of petrol at 4 o'clock of the next afternoon.

There new trouble awaited her. At Gao she had arranged for a re-supply of petrol, paying for it and presumably receiving a yellow ticket as a receipt to show the Arab who kept a lonely vigil at Bidon 5, watching the petrol and water supplies of the Trans-Saharan Company. But, with the casualness that characterized the entire escapade, she had either never taken the receipt, or had lost it, and the Arab had strict orders. For two mortal, despairing hours Mrs. Dickson argued, pleaded, and threatened.

Perhaps he realized that there was no use arguing with a determined woman. At any rate he gave in at last, accepting a letter to the Trans-Saharan Company, which he could not read, as a receipt.

And once again Mrs. Dickson went on. The road from Bidon 5 to Reggan was much better, with positively fine stretches here and there. Progress was comparatively swift; the car gave no trouble and it was obvious that, barring unforeseen accident, the worst was over.

Some hours out from Bidon 5 an aeroplane motor was heard. The 'phane descended and the pilots alighted. It was the Vicomte and Vicomtesse de Sibours, returning to France from their plantation in Kenya, with their young son and a mechanic.

It was a brief meeting. Off they flew, and on went Mrs. Dickson uninterruptedly to Reggan, where she arrived fifty-two hours after leaving Tabankort, during which she had had no sleep and no rest, save for those terrible hours of illness.

From Reggan to Algiers, after what had gone before, the trip was mere child's play. Mrs. Dickson drove into Algiers on December 28, twenty-seven driving days after leaving Nairobi, with the bet won. She still insists that it was nothing at all!

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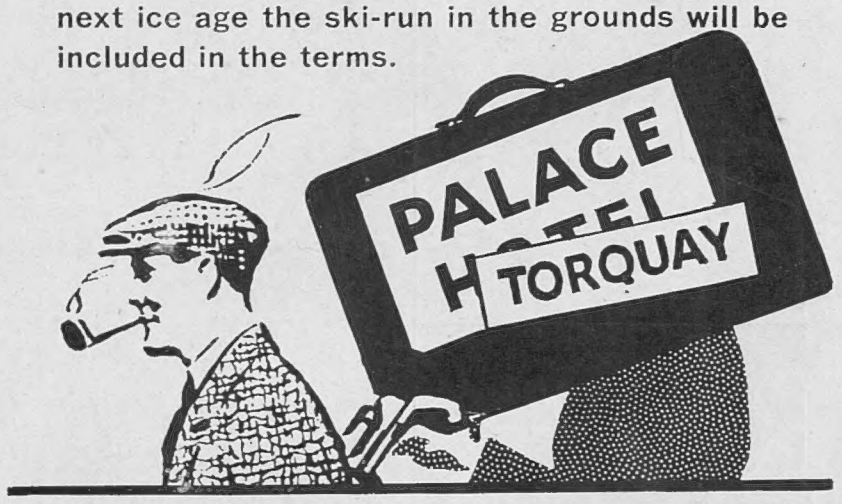

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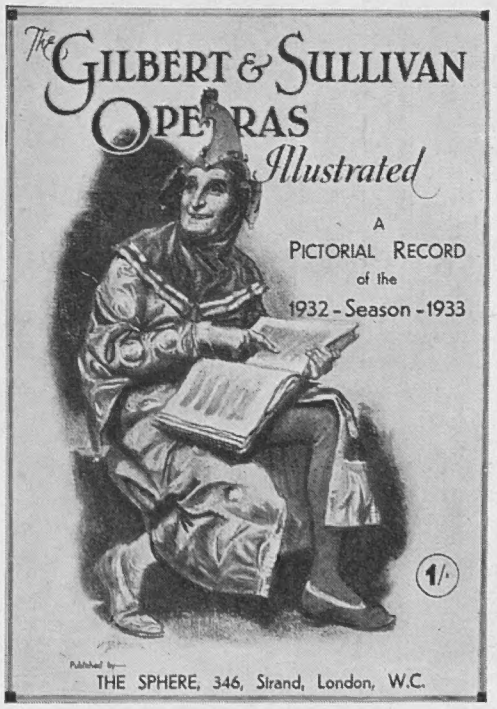

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